

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM G. TIFFANY IN THEIR MOTOR "VICTORIA."

HORSELESS CARRIAGES IN PARIS.

BY C. INMAN BARNARD.

"TEUFF! Teuff! Teuff!"—the high-pitched notes emitted by the carburetors of motor-cycles, and motor conveyances of every description, weirdly contrasting with the deep foghorn ejaculations of their warning signals, dominate all other street sounds of Paris and its environs. The astounding progress of the horseless carriage disclosed by the International Automobile Show, and now for the first time put before the public in the practical, convincing form of an object-lesson, indicates that if the horse is doomed to disappear from the thoroughfares of

France, such a revolution will be accomplished not only by the ubiquitous bicycle incapable of carrying little else besides its own rider, but by the motor-carriage, the efficacy of which for passenger and parcel traffic on ordinary roads, as well as its special aptitude for "sport," luxury and speed, have at last been fully demonstrated. The motor-carriage has taken its place as a national institution in France, and it "has come to stay."

Twelve years ago the writer accompanied Count Albert de Dion, the pioneer of French automobilism, in what would now

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be considered a very clumsy, noisy and "puffy" steam motor phaeton on its maiden trip along the Paris boulevards, where it aroused almost as much excitement and curiosity as might be caused by the apparition of one of the beasts of the Apocalypse. "Never mind," exclaimed Count de Dion, "mark my words and you will find before the close of the century the horse in town and country will be replaced by motor-traction, just as in the early forties the diligence and post-chaise were ousted by the railway train." It now looks as if the Count's prediction was about to be realized, for the motor-carriage is to-day a familiar sight at every street corner, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Paris is becoming "automobilized."

According to the statistics collected at the Exhibition which occupies that portion of the Tuilleries Gardens adjoining the Place de la Concorde and the Rue de Rivoli, the amount of French capital invested in this new industry exceeds one hundred and fifty million dollars, and the number of employees and workmen engaged in its various branches is estimated at two hundred thousand. The "automobile"—a newly coined word which has just received the sanction of the French Academy, and which comprises motor-cycles, as well as horseless carriages, motor-vans, motor-omnibuses, and all other motor-traction vehicles capable of circulating on ordinary roads unprovided with rails—is decidedly popular with every class of the community with the sole exception of the Paris street policemen, whose frantic efforts to limit the speed to the regulation rate of twelve

kilometers an hour have so far proved unavailing.

The National Syndic Chamber of Automobilism was founded on May 20th under the presidency of Count de Dion, and the present Automobile Exhibition is the first one held in France as a separate show devoted exclusively to road motor traction and having no connection with either the cycling or coachbuilding interests which have hitherto been grouped with it as its two elder brothers.

The Exhibition owes its birth to the enterprise of the Automobile Club of France, which is a most powerful and flourishing organization comprising fifteen hundred active members. Six weeks ago a dozen members of the Automobile Club, including its President, Baron de Zuylen de Nyeveld, Count de Dion, M. Henri Ménier, Count de Chasseloup-Laubat, Count de La Valette, Duke de Brissac, M. Robert Lebaudy and Chevalier René de Knyff, happened to be lunching at the club grounds in the Bois de Boulogne. Incidentally the Salon of painting and sculpture was spoken of. "Why not have an Auto-

mobile Salon each year?" suddenly exclaimed Count de Dion. The idea was at once assented to, and before coffee was served over a hundred thousand francs (twenty thousand dollars) had been subscribed for the purpose. The result was the Paris Automobile Exhibition which wasinaugurated in the Tuilleries Gardens on June 15th by thirty thousand spectators.

The number of automobiles in the exhibition exceeds eleven hundred. Each of these before being admitted to the stands was subjected to a severe and practical road test of twenty miles over hill and dale.



COUNT ALBERT DE DION, PIONEER OF AUTOMOBILISM IN FRANCE.

Here may be seen the enormous breaks of the Scotte, or of the Dion-Bouton model, capable of seating fifty persons; and side by side with these there is the miniature motor-tricycle to which can be attached a light buggy enabling the motor-cyclist to take in tow a non-pedaling companion.

There are omnibuses and mail coaches with inside and outside seats accommodating twenty passengers and which, on good roads, such as abound in France, can safely attain a speed of thirty-five kilometers an hour. There are the electric cabs of the well-known "Compagnie Générale" soon to be put on the streets of Paris and which before the opening of the World's Fair of 1900 are expected to replace the present cabs with their obsolete horse traction. Then there is the famous "front axle motor" ("avant-train moteur") which by an ingenious mechanism can in less than forty minutes be adapted to any ordinary carriage. The motor is of petroleum gas, capable of drawing a brougham, victoria or phaeton of average weight on a level road at the rate of thirty kilometers an hour, and by means of the immediate change of sprocket converting speed into additional traction-power so as readily to surmount the steepest hills. The inventors



ELECTRIC CABS SOON TO BE USED IN PARIS.

of the "avant-train moteur," Messrs. Amiot & Péneau, claim that for a comparatively moderate sum of say three thousand francs (six hundred dollars) they can supply a motor of six-horse power which can be kept in a stable like a team of horses and hitched to any two or four-wheeled vehicle imaginable, and when the owner wishes to return to horse traction again this can readily be done by unhitching the "avant-train" and replacing it by the ordinary front wheels. As the price of a motor coach or "carryall" of the same horse-power is from twenty to thirty thousand francs (four thousand to six thousand dollars), this is a decided consideration. The luxurious double phaetons and "ducs" of Messrs. Peugeot, some of which have maintained an average road speed of thirty kilometers an hour for ten consecutive hours, attract considerable attention, as do also the cherry and red dog-carts, broughams and victorias of Messrs. Panhard & Levassor. At the Panhard & Levassor stand is exhibited the smart little petroleum gas phaeton

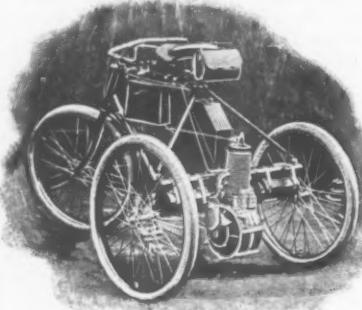


CHEVALIER RÉNÉ DE KNYFF, CHAMPION AMATEUR AUTOMOBILE STOKER.

nicknamed "Le Roi des Routes" in which Chevalier René de Knyff journeyed twenty-five thousand kilometers previous to his winning with it the international automobile race from Paris to Bordeaux, a distance of five hundred and eighty kilometers, accomplished in spite of very bad weather and after several accidents to tires and valves, in fifteen hours and fifteen minutes. The accompanying illustration is the reproduction of a photograph taken immediately after M. de Knyff's arrival at Bordeaux on the day of that memorable race. The light and handy little "voitures" of the De Cauville and the Rhéda types, with their gas engines of about three and a half horse-power, attract considerable attention, with their interchangeable sprocket power converting speed into force—an indispensable adjunct of all the latest motor conveyances for light road work. These last are especially adapted for use at the summer resorts and in the environs of Paris. The seven and nine horse-power "mylords" and wagonettes of the Farman model are about as useful for all-round hill and dale work as anything yet devised. Among the latest types of motor-tricycles which have become first favorites with the younger set of fashionable Parisian motor-cyclists is the Singer pattern, to which is adapted the Dawson rotary piston which by its helicoid movement alternately covers and exposes a hole regulating the distribution of gas in the cylinder, thereby



BARON DE ZULEN DE NVEVELT, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH AUTOMOBILE CLUB.



THE SINGER TRICYCLE WITH DAWSON MOTOR.

entirely obviating the necessity of valves, which have hitherto proved to be the most formidable obstacles to the smooth and uninterrupted working of petroleum gas engines in actual road work. Singularly enough, the only transatlantic exhibit in the Automobile Show is a handsome two-seated conveyance with a hood, constructed by the Pope Manufacturing Company and called the "Columbia." The motor power is electricity, and the carriage is light and graceful. No one can visit the Automobile Exhibition without being convinced that France has taken far and away the lead in automobilism, which has become not only a sport but a national industry. The great retail commercial and dry-goods establishments such as the Bon Marché, the Louvre and Printemps are taking measures to do the great bulk of their parcel delivery business by motor-vans. The cab companies of Paris, Lyons, Lille and other cities are already adopting the electric motor. A well-known excursionist firm has ordered the Scotte and the Dion-Bouton motor omnibuses for trips to Fontainebleau, Compiègne and elsewhere. A military commission has been appointed by the Minister of War to ascertain how motor-carriages mounted with quick-firing guns can best be utilized for the French artillery service. Experiments have been made at the camp of Chalons-sur-Marne with the motor omnibuses for the rapid conveyance of infantry battalions, and the reports as to their efficiency are be-

lieved to be satisfactory, especially where good roads prevail, as is the case throughout France and Germany. The automobile has completely transformed the aspect of the Bois de Boulogne, and in the course of an afternoon drive to Versailles, Marly-le-Roi, Saint-Cloud, Meudon or Saint-Germain one meets almost as many motor-carriages as conveyances drawn by horses. It is to be noted that for motor-cabs and motor-vans within the city limits electricity is adopted for the motive power. The reason for

this is that the batteries or accumulators can be supplied at any of the numerous electric sectors. For general use, however, the petroleum gas engine, which can be kept running at fair speed for three hundred miles by a few gallons of gasoline,

is in the unanimous opinion of French experts by far the best and most practical power yet discovered. Moreover, good gasoline can always be readily obtained at any wayside village, and an ordinary motor-carriage

can make a journey from one end of France to the other with a total petroleum consumption of a couple of dozen quarts, which

at the current prices would cost twenty-seven francs, or a little over five dollars.

As a sport, automobilism now occupies the foremost rank. To be a "chauffeur" and to pass the examination conducted by the engineers of the *Ponts et Chaussées* administration for the coveted stoker's certificate, which authorizes the recipient to drive an automobile in

DUCHESS D'UZÈS.

the streets of Paris, is acknowledged to be the "correct thing." It is as important nowadays for a fashionable Parisian to be an expert "chauffeur" (stoker) as it is to know how to fence, ride, dance or drive. The dowager Duchess d'Uzès, who is perhaps the most accomplished female whip in France, has become a fervent convert to automobilism and has obtained her certificate as a stoker, and may be seen almost any fine day conducting her smart cherry-colored gasoline gas phaeton through the Bois de Boulogne. The



THE ROCHET PHAETON.



THE DE CAUVILLE WAGONETTE.



Duchess de Luynes, the Princess de Montiglione, the Countess Clermont-Tonnerre and several other Parisian "grandes dames" have also taken to the fashionable sport with eagerness and enthusiasm. The Duchess d'Uzès recently assured the writer that she had seldom undertaken anything which gave her so much real pleasure, and said that the adroitness and sang froid, combined with the exhilaration caused by the high speed and the great distances accomplished, made automobilism most attractive and useful for women as well as men. During the past week the Duchess d'Uzès drove her phaeton with her own hand for a distance of five hundred and fifty miles visiting her estates in Champagne, and at Bonnelles near Rambouillet, and making a flying trip into Touraine.

Among the most skilful and experienced amateur automobile stokers in France are Baron de Zuylen de Nyeveld, President of the Automobile Club, Count Albert de Dion, Chevalier René de Knyff, and Mr. William G. Tiffany, whose coaching record in the United States, England and France is familiar to all true lovers of the road. Baron de Zuylen is acknowledged to be the foremost patron of the present movement, which seems to be in a fair way to revolutionize the road traffic of the nation. He is young, handsome and enthusiastic, and together with his charming wife, who is a daughter of the late Baron Solomon



DE DION MOTOR OMNIBUS.

de Rothschild, and niece of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, has devoted a princely fortune to the progress of automobilism and has founded numerous prizes for speed and weight-carrying competitions that have stimulated the energies of many a mechanical engineer, and done much to place France far ahead of all other countries in this new industry.

Count Albert de Dion is the perfect type of the French gentilhomme as delineated by Alexander Dumas. Twenty years ago his youthful escapades, his successful adventures, his romantic flirtations and his numerous duels made him the most picturesque Parisian of the day—a modern d'Artagnan in fact. One afternoon he

happened to be searching the shops to find some new and original favors for an ultra-fashionable cotillion. A little toy gas engine struck his fancy. He asked who the inventor was, and a modest artisan, M. Bouton, being presented to him, an acquaintance ensued which led to Count de Dion going into partnership and in a few years the now prosperous factory of Dion & Bouton began to turn out the first motor-carriages of a practical description ever offered in France for public use. The writer has known the Count de Dion for fifteen years, and it was his good fortune to accompany him during the first important motor-carriage race in France, which took place eight years ago from Paris to Rouen. Not only then, but as far back as twenty years ago,



THE PEUGEOT MOTOR MAIL COACH.

Count de Dion has never hesitated to have the courage of his opinions, and invariably expressed his conviction "that the motor-carriage must inevitably become the principal means of locomotion in France." Count de Dion may well be one of the proudest men in Paris now that the success of the Automobile Exhibition seems to be about to verify his bold predictions made at a time when his cherished plans were ridiculed by his own friends and regarded by the public as absolutely Quixotic.

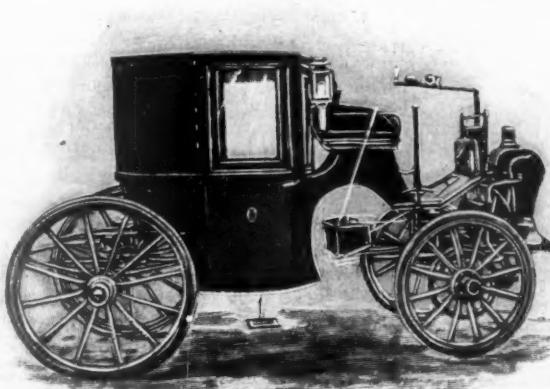
Among the Americans in Paris who have taken to the automobile are Mr. William G. Tiffany, Mr. Augustus Jay, Mr. Eugene Higgins, Mr. George Heath, and Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who may be occasionally seen in his cherry and red petroleum gas pheeton on the way to his country place at Bougival or to his shooting preserves near Versailles. Mr. Tiffany assures the writer that he finds "automobiling" more interesting than coaching. "A thoroughly good stoker," says Mr. Tiffany, "considers his motor almost as if it were a human being, and each day learns something new about its requirements, its disposition, and its capacity for speed or for endurance." Mr. Tiffany is very fond of the active little motor-tricycle which with a petroleum gas motor of one and three-quarters horse-power attains a road pace of thirty-five kilometers an hour, and by changing the sprocket this speed can be instantly transformed into hill-climbing power so as to surmount the



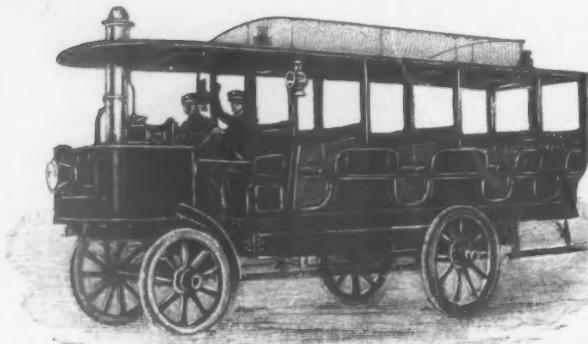
THE RHÉDA AUTOMOBILETTE.

steepest ascents at a rate of from four to five kilometers. During the present season Mr. Tiffany has made numerous trips in a motor-victoria of the Peugeot type. "In the course of a two days' run through Touraine," said Mr. Tiffany, "we kept up an average speed over hill and dale of nineteen miles an hour, and the total cost of our petroleum fuel amounted to only three dollars. To enable you to appreciate the significance of this, I can affirm from

actual experience, that to cover the same distance in a coach at anything approaching an equal speed, relays of fifty-six horses would be required, for which the items of hire, transportation and stabling would go up into figures so large that I hesitate to give them. This wonderful economy is in a nutshell the real secret underlying the future of the automobile."



AN AVANT-TRAIN MOTOR THAT CAN BE HITCHED TO ANY VEHICLE.



PETROLEUM MOTOR EXCURSION WAGON.

M. René de Knyff, whose exploits as an automobile stoker are familiar to all who reside in Paris, recently remarked to the writer: "As a sport nothing can hold a candle to automobile long-distance racing. I shall soon have a petroleum motor 'buckboard' with which I hope to attain a continued speed on the level ordinary road of a kilometer a minute. There is no true sport that has not the element of danger in it. Nothing is so exhilarating as the feeling that as you skim over the country at a high velocity, your life depends upon the accurate adjustment and manipulation of delicate machinery which can be instantly controlled by the pressure of the little finger. This sentiment appeals to the sportsman's instinct, and I am convinced that as a sport alone, to say nothing of the industrial and commercial points of view, the automobile has an immense future."

One of the far-reaching results of the Paris Automobile Show is the introduction of the motor-carriage in the French army, France thus being the first nation to utilize this new mechanical transport for military purposes. A decree dated June 21, 1898, issued by General Billot, Minister of War, requires that all persons liable to military service either in the active army or in the reserve who own motor-carriages must immediately notify the authorities of such fact, and furnish detailed descriptions of

possession of by the military authorities." On June 23d Lieutenant Gérard read an interesting paper at the Cercle Militaire in Paris in the presence of a number of distinguished army officers on automobiles as a means of transport in war. They were shown to be indispensable for the rapid transport of staff and commissariat officers who have to cover great distances—often too great for officers who are no longer habituated to daily exercise in the saddle. Lieutenant Gérard dwelt upon the immense advantage of the automobile for transporting food and ammunition. Commissariat and other wagons travel at an average speed of six kilometers an hour, and can accomplish from twenty-five to thirty kilometers a day. The automobile, however, can perform easily in one hour the same distance that the present wagons cannot do in less than five hours. Hence a great saving in time, economy in horses, and also in men, who can be utilized elsewhere. The ambulance and paymaster's departments and the postal and telegraph services will also benefit by the introduction of motor-carriages in the French army. It should, however, be borne in mind that the military efficiency of the automobile depends upon the network of admirable roads that exist throughout France and Germany. Thus it is more than doubtful whether carriages could be utilized with advantage in the United States or Cuba.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Those who took an interest in the contest conducted by *THE COSMOPOLITAN* in 1896 will be glad to learn that the predictions then made have been more than realized in France. That exhibition of qualities and speed was directed and judged by General Miles, John Jacob Astor, President Depew of the New York Central and President Thompson of the Pennsylvania Central. Brig.-General Craigill, Chief of Engineers U. S. Army, and Vice-President Webb of the New York Central also accepted *THE COSMOPOLITAN*'s proffer but were compelled to be absent. A prize of three thousand dollars was paid by *THE COSMOPOLITAN* under the direction of the judges to the Messrs. Duryea, who had entered six carriages. It has been a mystery that Americans, who are usually foremost in the adoption of new inventions involving both comfort and economy, should have permitted the French people to lead them in respect to horseless carriages by so considerable a distance.

such carriages stating their capacity, speed and character.

The French Ministry of the Interior is also preparing a law requiring that all motor-carriages in France must be registered in each arrondissement or commune where their owners reside just as is done in regard to horses and carrier pigeons, and in case of war, "all motor-carriages in French territory are liable to be taken

THE TYROLEANS.

BY C. FRANK DEWEY.

IT matters not at what point the tourist enters Tyrol: at each of its thresholds a scene of beauty awaits him, and, as all the roads were once said to lead to Rome, so to-day do all principal avenues of European travel converge to this Alpine park, nestling high up in the center of the continent, created by the hand of God, and reserved and improved by the hand of man to form a pleasure-ground where in summer all the weary world may find fresh air, rest, recreation, and a scenery unsurpassed.

Whether one enters at Innsbruck, or at Udine from the south, or at Linz from the east, from the first moment of crossing the frontier its beauties charm and fascinate him. He feels that he has left behind him the dry, commonplace thoroughfares of every-day life, and has entered a fairy-land where little blue lakes dot the landscape, where snow-clad peaks rear their majestic forms against skies as blue as those of Italy, where long vistas of valleys stretch away among chalet-dotted mountain ranges, forming the roadways through which swift mountain-streams seek out their long way to the distant sea; where every nook shelters a hamlet, and every hamlet an inn with comfort and good cheer; where modern civilization has joined hands with nature and enterprise to facilitate access by foot-

path, pike, steamer and rail to every one of the thousand beauteous points in which this favored land abounds; where, in short, Nature stretches out a welcoming hand and bids all her lovers come and revel in her charm. Such is Tyrol, the land of tradition,

the land of romance, the land of patriotism, the land of Andreas Hofer, the resort of pleasure-seekers, invalids and travelers since long before the Christian era, and to-day the Mecca of summer wanderers from all parts of the civilized world. Hither we sped from martial Berlin, and after many hours of interesting travel through southern Germany arrived at last in beautiful Innsbruck.

Nowhere else in the world can be found a town of equal importance, placed amidst a landscape of such lofty grandeur and ideal beauty. It seems as if nature had labored during by-gone ages with the special aim of preparing a spot at once accessible and romantic, where the Alpine metropolis might rest. By her slow glacial process she smoothed out a long, wide, sunny valley nineteen hundred feet above sea level, and extending along the base of the towering gray Bavarian Alps which bar out the bitter north winds. She clothed this valley with vivid green, and over the forest-crowned foothills to the south she allowed the warm, fructifying south wind to be



YOUNG LADY FROM THE INN VALLEY.

wafeted. Then she permitted a buoyant mountain stream, the river Inn, to ripple down from the Engadine, give this valley its name, and pass onward to join the Danube River.

The contrasts afforded have a most stimulating effect on the imagination. Here, in this miniature metropolis, where all modern comforts and luxuries are at hand, one has but to lift his eyes and behold the snow-capped mountains to the north, so near that he treads in spirit the pathless snow-fields, or seems almost to catch a glimpse of the timid, agile chamois, or fancies that he hangs above a cliff where grows the lonely edelweiss. How near these sometimes inaccessible mountain-heights really are is well shown by a trifling episode taken from the Innsbruck newspaper during the sleigh races last

year. A member of the Alpine Club had made the ascent, from Innsbruck, of the Hafelekar. There, on a mountain seven thousand six hundred feet high, directly overlooking the race-course, he heard the musical tones of the band which were wafted up from the plain below, and when the gay music had died away, the sharp whistle of the chamois struck upon his ear, a vivid reminder of

his complete isolation from the life and merriment which seemed to be just within reach.

The Innsbruck of to-day is a railroad center, directly connecting with Paris, London and Vienna, and also convenient to all southern points. It is, in short, a sort of modern St. Christopher resting-place for foreign travelers, but it is more than ever

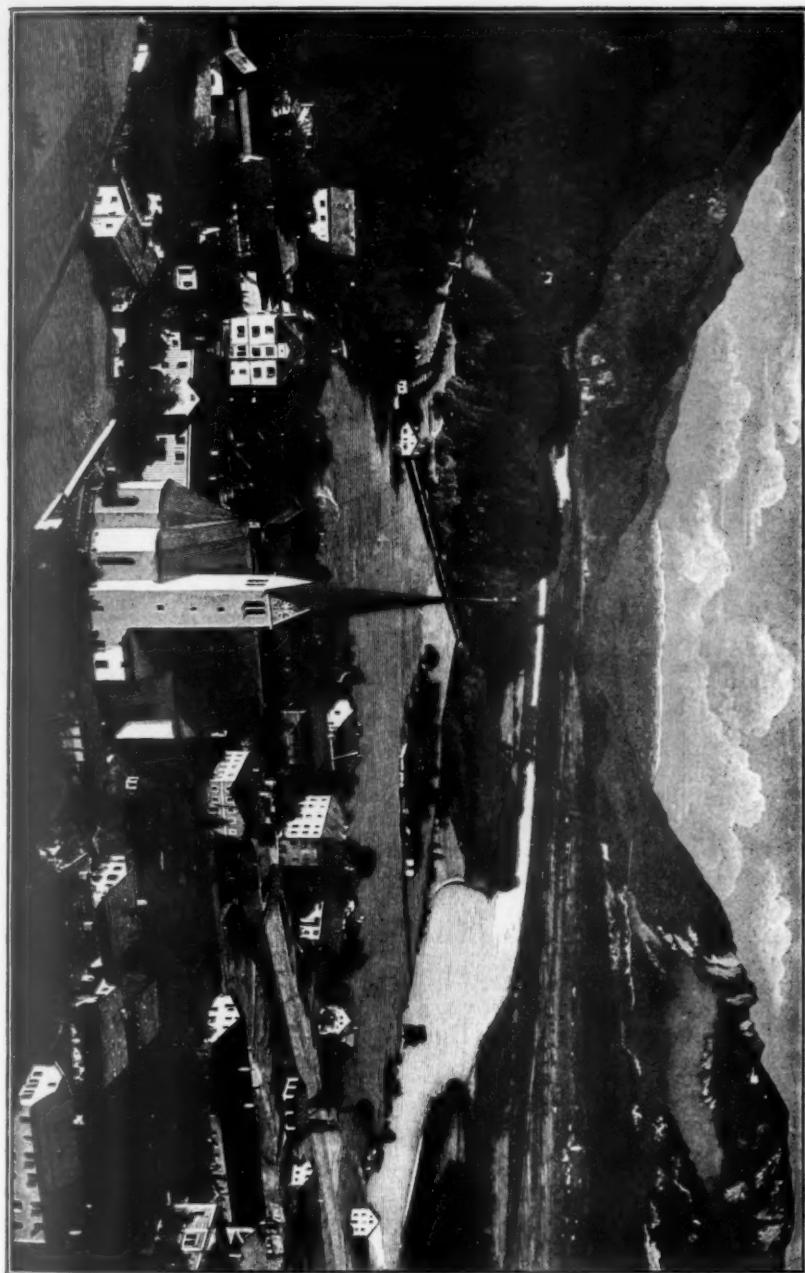
a commercial and industrial town, an artistic and musical town, while as a university town it has developed scientific and medical schools of European distinction. Some of the chief industries of Tyrol are wood-carving, mosaics, stained glass, majolica, wrought iron and bronze work, and burned wood designs. In all these, it may be said, Tyrol excels, as well as in minor industries requiring assiduous application and poetic inspiration.

"Tyroleans are merry, they wake with the day,
And drive up the mountains their cattle away.
At evening they dance and drink their red wine,
Sleep early and soundly while summer stars shine."

As a rule, they are a happy people, these rural Tyroleans—not that their existence is a rosy-colored one, for heaven knows they toil hard and reap a comparatively small reward. But they breathe an exhilarating atmosphere; they have health and strength,



LOVERS OF THE ZILLER VALLEY.



a definite purpose, and can fill their leisure hours with the music and poetry which are so dear to the German heart.

About the time of my visit Innsbruck appeared at its gayest, at its best.

The musical festival, together with the exhibition, had drawn large crowds from all parts of Europe, and the dress of this cosmopolitan assembly made a picture such as is seldom seen. The park surrounding the castle was transformed into a fairy realm of light and fire, life and color. In the dense foliage of the trees hundreds of colored lights were hanging like huge glow-

twinkled in a tranquil, deep-blue sky, completing the charm of a veritable mid-summer night's dream.

For the lover of peaceful mountain life and the easy mountain pedestrianism, there can be few more attractive resorts than the Mittelgebirge, or foothills, south of Innsbruck. The atmosphere, as one ascends some seven or eight hundred feet, is naturally cooler than in the valley below, where one is already nineteen hundred feet above the sea level. At the same time, a warm sunshine, to which these hills lie freely open, produces a delightful



DINING-ROOM IN AN OLD HOUSE NEAR KLAUSEN.

worms; cups glittering in various colors arose from the flower-beds, and the waters of the fountains sparkled in fire-red and emerald-green; the clear outlines of the royal buildings were shown in bold relief of fire; small flames glistened in the trunk of every tree like dancing will-o'-the-wisps, and Bengal-lights flooded bowers and trees from time to time with a sea of color, and lightened up the monuments of the kings, whose marble statues appeared to assume life in the fiery glow. The strains of music helped to keep in humor the throng of cheerful people, while beautiful stars

glow and verdure. It is with a feeling of surprise that a visitor to Innsbruck hears for the first time of the villages that nestle among these uplands.

"Where can they be?" he exclaims; for they are quite hidden out of sight from Innsbruck. "And why are they there?" is almost the next question that suggests itself.

The reason for their existence, dating back as it does to the beginning of European history, gives a fresh cause for surprise. Over these mountains ran the great branch roadways of the Romans, who

appear to have followed in their construction the path marked out by previous Etruscan roads. The main road, the Brenner, held its course chiefly through the valleys, but wherever higher levels could conveniently be attained they were preferred as a means of providing against the dangers of inundation.

One by one little settlements dotted these upper, more sheltered roads. Comparatively hidden, their life has gone on peacefully through all these ages, leaving no written history. In raciness and individuality they still bear many a trace of medieval times, but a casual observer who notes the harmonious mingling of quaintness and idyllic freshness, will not dream that such hoary memories pervade these little places. In their very names the Etruscan element laughs slyly at us, and from hiding-places in the ground mementoes of the Romans are occasionally brought to light. Each of these little communities has its picturesque church, its *gasthaus*, its curious mural decorations. The people, occupied chiefly in agricultural pursuits, are usually found to be simple-

minded and kind-hearted. Like most of the rural Tyroleans, they possess a strong sense of humor, and a deep vein of poetic feeling. To those who show a sympathetic feeling for them and their institutions, they will often manifest the greatest fidelity and hospitality, which, though offered in humble dwellings, are surely not to be despised by strangers in a strange land. Nestling near the base of these hills are well-known places of interest: Berg Isel, the name of which is to a Tyrolean mind synonymous with the

names of Andreas Hofer and the other heroes of the war of 1809, and Amras Castle, once the home of beautiful Philippine Welser, whose story has been told so poetically in the drama bearing her name by Baron von Redwitz-Igles, and the ancient town of Hall, with its mint-tower and rathaus, now, as of yore, admired of all tourists. We leave the falls of Watterns, romantic Zirl, and even Taurers with all its beauties, and pass over the historical Brenner past Brunneck, and on to Toblach, in the Pusterthal, the objective point of our excursion. Toblach, the county-seat of the Puster valley, is a village of several hundred inhabitants. From here, and along the *Strada d'Almagna* which used to serve as highway for trade between Venice and the north in the fifteenth century, up to Cortina d'Ampezzo, the



AN ALBACH MAIDEN.



GIRLS FROM THE BRIXEN VALLEY.

territorial line between Austria and Italy, and continuing still higher up to Pieve di Cadore, Titian's birthplace in the Alps, the tourist must choose between a postal-omnibus and a private diligence. It took us less than a day to accommodate ourselves to these rural surroundings, and on the following Sunday we concluded to join the natives at a great festival announced to take place at Reischach, a neighboring village with a dozen modest houses, a blacksmith's shop, cobbler's shop and post office all in one, a church, and the inevitable *gasthaus*, or inn.

The church bell was ringing for vespers, which begin at one o'clock. We were wearing bouquets of carnations and rosemary, presented to us by our host, as correct decorations for a festival. And Anton, our guide—how to present him to you as he deserves to be presented? His truthful, guileless face is his best ornament: nevertheless, he too wears carnations and rosemary caught in the silver cord and vying with the silver tassels of his broad-brimmed, low-crowned beaver hat. His rough jacket, made by the tailor last autumn, and therefore too new to be worn on a less special occasion, is short and loose enough to leave ample space for the display of his range, or broad leather belt of softest chamois-skin, worked in scrolls surrounding

his name, with split peacock quills, curiously resembling Indian handicraft. His snow-white knees appear between his short leather breeches and his bright-blue knitted stockings. These nature's garters, when perfectly white, are regarded as a mark of great distinction amongst the dandies, and those of Anton were considered the very *knee plus ultra*.

A parliament of men—a few still in breeches with Hessian boots, which appeared a characteristic of Reischach, but the majority having succumbed to modern ideas, wearing trousers—were seated in the shadow of a comfortable house, discussing the different stages of their rye and flax crops. Their wives and daughters, following their natural impulse, were already kneeling in church, confiding their cares of kitchen and farm-yard to the ever ready ear of *Mutter Gottes*—one dense mass of women, in broad-brim-



SUNDAY COSTUME IN THE PISTER VALLEY.

med beaver hats with here and there a conical woolen bee-hive as a contrast. The church itself, although it lacked candles of the regulation size, usually as big as a man's arm, must truly have shone like the gate of heaven to peasant eyes. Many of the more substantial families had lent their private saints for the occasion. They had brought Holy Nothburgs and Saint Leonards and Virgins, generally pre-



GRAVEYARD IN SOUTH TYROL.

served in wardrobes at home, but now brought to participate in the festival, adding to its great solemnity. A Tyrolean anthem having been sung by some invisible voices, in which jodels leaped up and smothered Gregorians, a middle-aged Capuchin took his stand in the pulpit and having greeted the congregation, promised to explain to them the mystery and the advantage of the holy scapulary.

A procession followed the sermon. Mary, Joseph and Saint Notburg (once a good peasant girl, now a saint) were paraded around the village by children, and borne back to the church. Peasant-men staggered under large silk banners, which swayed and fluttered in the blustery wind, and, but for the steady grasp of these strong men who carried them, threatened at



A "MOUNTAIN GENTLEMAN."

each moment to crush the pious throng. The four chief peasants of the district, wearing their robes of state, the Noah's-Ark coats in which they were married, bore the baldachin over the head of the Capuchin who elevated the Host. The village priest, in white surplice and Hessian boots, swung the censer at his side. The men were in front; the women, a long, broad file, divided in the procession from their male relatives by the priests, followed—a dense black mass, but relieved in color by

the whiteness of their cousins. The Tyrolean, like the Scotch, keep up every link of relationship, claiming the fiftieth cousins. Relationship, in fact, never does die out; and though it may be neglected during busy seasons of plowing and sowing, the bond is never too slight to be overlooked at wakes and festivals. Thus, at Kappler's, on this Scapulary afternoon, Barthel's brother-in-law's cousin drank with "Cousin Barthel," and Seppl's sister-in-law's niece was treated by "Uncle Seppl." There was one square-built, good-humored old man, who appeared to be everybody's cousin: he passed from table to table, and had to sip from fifty offered glasses.

The good Tyroleans kept up the hilarious scene until the wee sma' hours, much to our discomfort, and at the expense of sleep. But for all our temporary inconveniences during the night, we found ample compensation on the following morning, when, after an easy ascent of two hours, we reached the topmost platform of the Kronplatz. To the north, reaching from east



MAIDEN OF AMPEZZO VALLEY.

short linen sleeves. Men and women, carefully sev-ered in their prayers and on the very steps of the altar by Holy Church, were soon able to come together again under the spacious, hospitable roof of Herr Kappler, the wirth. Innumer-able clean wooden tables, forms and stiff, high-legged wooden chairs were ranged upstairs and down-stairs, and in the orchard without, for the accommoda-tion of the "Scapularists" and their friends.

We sat at a side table in an upper room partaking of grilled fowl and salad, whilst Buben and their Dirnen, or lads and lasses, middle-aged couples, old men and women, poured into the house, filling every chair, bench and table. They came thither from all the countryside, and endless were the greetings amongst

cousins, and cousins'



OLD INN IN SOUTH TYROL.

THE TYROLEANS.



YOUNG LADY OF GRODEN. The Drei Zinnen, the pyramidal Antalao, and many another jagged, appalling mountain, stern as the bewildering doctrines of election and reprobation, whilst the pure, glistening snow, green meadows and pleasant woods opposite seemed to breathe forth the gentle, winning truths of the glad tidings of peace. From here it is but a step to the three small adjacent villages of upper, middle and lower Olang, which formed the hotbed for those historical wars between Austria and France, which culminated in the patriotic war of 1809.

The figure who stands out in bold relief in that national rising, is Andreas Hofer, the hero of the Tyroleans, who united in his character the two national traits—fidelity to God and to his Sovereign. Andreas Hofer was born in the Passeyer valley, in 1765. His family kept the Inn of Sandyland, near the Passer stream; hence his frequently being called in history the Sandy Landlord. He was living at this inn, following the calling of his fathers, when, by the treaty of Press-



A GENTLEMAN OF RITTEN.

burg, the Tyrol was wrested from Austria and ceded to Bavaria, the ally of Napoleon. At this terrible news Andreas made a vow never again to shave his beard. During the wars his long beard, falling on his breast, gave him with the Italians the name of General Barbone. The picture seen at Innsbruck represents Hofer as a type of that race from Passeyer, reputed the handsomest and most vigorous in the Tyrol—an athletic, well-knit frame; broad shoulders; a round, highly colored countenance; black eyes, large, brilliant and penetrating; a majestic beard: the whole breathing command, inspiring respect and attracting confidence.

Indignant at the double dealings of the Bavarian officials, exasperated at the persecution which menaced the treasure of the true faith, Andreas had but one thought: to liberate his country from the foreign yoke, and restore it to his Emperor. With this end in view he commenced a correspondence with Archduke John. On the 16th of January, 1809, he went to Vienna with other fellow-countrymen, and had several interviews with the Prince, in which the plan of deliverance was definitely settled. When all was ready, Andreas returned to Saint Leonard invested with full power as Commander-in-Chief of the national forces. From that day his hospitality became the rendezvous of all who sighed for the deliverance of their native land. To all who could join the sacred cause Hofer opened out his views and plans. Thrice did he drive the Bavarians from Tyrol, and this in spite of the treaties arranged between France and Austria. Some of his deeds compare with the greatest in history, almost bordering on the incredible.

On the battlefield Andreas seemed transfigured; the mild expression changed to a terrible one; he looked grand on his panting steed, his long beard flowing in the wind, electrifying his troops with the battle-cry: "Onward for your country and your Emperor! God protects the right!" This last triumph baffles all description. The people pressed almost beneath his horse's feet; and in the intoxication of freedom they named him Dictator of the Tyrol. Hofer, regaining his wonted calm after the battle, turned his gentle glance on the excited crowd. "Do not shout, but pray," cried he. At the church of the Franciscans he dismounted and entered to give thanks to the Lord. On leaving the church the notables of the town waited on him, to express the gratitude of all the citizens. Hofer replied, "By my beard and by St. George, the Savior of our country was God himself!" Soon after, however, the peace of Vienna forced Austria once more to renounce the Tyrol. The Archduke John himself wrote to Hofer and ordered him to lay down his arms. In vain Hofer tried for a third and last time to raise an army and drive the hated Bavarians from his beloved fatherland. A price was put on his head, and a wretch named Raffl betrayed his retreat, in which he had been living some months with his family. He took leave of his companions in arms and wound up with these words: "Farewell,



YOUNG LADY OF THE BRENNER PASS.

most despicable world! for a brave man, death is of such small account, that in leaving you I have not one fear or regret!"

On the following day we set out, in company with others, for a group of Senner huts situated on an elevated track, belonging to a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood. We began to ascend through a wood of primeval pines and fir trees, long gray moss hanging from their hoary branches like patriots' beards, whilst round their stems, amidst a chaos of rocks, were spread the softest carpets of moss and lichen. Several hundred feet above us could be seen the Senner huts. These were rude but very picturesque log cabins, built in a clearing amongst a steep chaos of rocks, with the glaciers and the majestic peak of the Hoch Gall shining above all. Five were dwelling-houses, the rest cattle sheds and barns; our hut was the highest of the group, and we had a long climb over the boulders before we reached it.

Seeing us approaching, our good guide, Anton, who had preceded us, fastened on his apron and fried marvelous monograms



A HOME IN THE PUSTER VALLEY.

and circles of cream batter, of which we, the guests, were soon partaking in the best room, otherwise the storeroom and dairy. The hut was divided into two compartments, both entered by adjoining doors from the outside. Seated on milking stools, in somewhat dangerous proximity to pans of rich cream, balls of butter and cheeses, the salt and meal-bin served as our dining-room. The hut was close quarters even for the two ordinary inmates: there were, however, innumerable contrivances for stowing away all kinds of useful things, besides notches in the thick wooden partitions for hands and feet when at night they crept to their burrow of hay under the low eaves. Everything except the old stone floor was scrupulously clean.

We knew that it was two o'clock as we crossed the fields, by the bell of the Capuchin monastery tolling for vespers: at the same moment the metallic, rattling sound of the cattle bells mixing with the ringing, and the sight of the peasants leaving their work and running in the direction of the high road, told us that a herd of cattle was returning from the mountains. Other bells immediately became audible in the contrary direction, the tinkling and rattling continued, and just as we reached the shrine the two triumphant processions met. The one approaching from the west was headed by a very queen of Sheba. What a golden heart-shaped bell clanged from her proud neck! what a tall, beautiful crown, shining like a great sun in a bed of crimson ribbons, blazed on her head! Her little princess-calf, adorned with streamers, followed close at her regal heels; her courtiers attended in regular order in their purple and fine linen, or, in

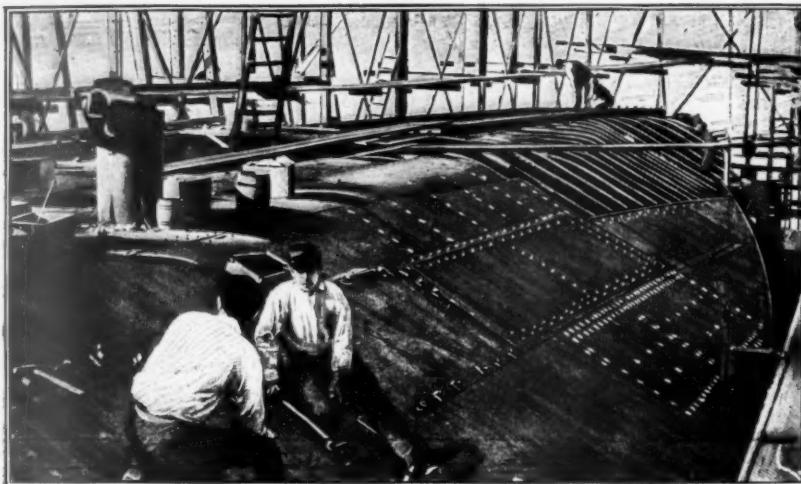
other words, their grand red and orange colors and their ponderous bells. When the queen saw the advancing herd she turned around her ample forehead and gave a significant low, bidding her attendants imitate her. And then, whilst the Senners and herdsmen looked on, evidently fearful of an encounter between the two factions, she steadily but defiantly maintained the middle of the road, forcing, by her lofty airs, the other queen to slink ignominiously into the ditch.

The high road was reported to be wonderfully lively with cattle that afternoon; presently we came upon an old man, whom everybody called Uncle Johann, a celebrated and experienced man in the stall, seated by another judge of cattle on a wall, wearing their very longest white aprons and primitive coats so that they almost touched the ground. Urged by our guide, Anton, we lingered to see the beautiful herd. It had suffered from no cruel phantom this year. There were Senners and herdsmen in their holiday costumes, with flowers and ribbons in their hats; there were Leiterwagen returning with the chests



NATIVES OF AÜSERFERN.

of clothes and the now empty meal-sacks; but more than this, there were four pretty little lads, each leading the bonniest, cleanest little calf ever seen. What, however, made Uncle Johann rub his hands with glee and give a big chuckle was the sight of a great black ox, wearing, instead of the usual verdant wreath around its neck, a real cow's crown. It was as ludicrous in his eyes as the sight of some sober gentleman in a Parisian bonnet would be in ours. Such jokes seemed rife among the Senners.



THE ROC'S EGG.

A STUDY OF THE MODERN BATTLESHIP.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

WHEN, in an access of patriotism, due to the first rumors of a conflict with Spain, Congress made inquiry if it were possible to build, in eighteen months, a supreme warship to be named "Washington," naval experts answered, "No."

The "Maine," herself a second-class battleship, was sunk in a peaceful harbor by a submarine mine, which might have been exploded by the mere impact of the ship drifting on the tide, or by one movement of an operator's hand. This type of extreme power could have been sunk also by a small ram, by a submarine boat or a little torpedo-boat, by a torpedo discharged from another ship or even a tug, by a torpedo dirigible from shore, or towed past in a rowboat, or affixed by a swimmer (as Paul Boyton once fastened a dummy torpedo to an English warship); it might have been sunk by a bomb placed in the ship's coal, or by the spontaneous ignition of the coal itself, by certain kinds of inflammable paint among its stores, by its own boilers or the overheating of its own magazines. A battleship, then, so complicated, so powerful, so costly, so long building, is, after all, hardly more than a

Titanic eggshell. Furthermore, she is almost more dangerous to those aboard her, even in times of peace, than to her enemies. She must be protected against herself in myriad ways.

Thinking of these things, many of our statesmen, particularly those who feel that their constituencies are safe on the inland prairies, are likely to count battleships as luxuries—or worse. And yet, in spite of all the objections, which one fool can recount faster than a thousand experts can overcome, battleships are a vital necessity to any nation that intends to maintain its integrity, even though it be tirelessly willing to lick the boots of diplomacy. And those who have so long hampered our navy by claiming that war was impossible for the United States, have had their answer in the Spanish struggle, and should hereafter hold their peace.

Assuming, then, that war will always be within the possibilities of the future (this side of the millennium), the supersensitive might as well resign themselves to the fact that no evolution of human ingenuity can ever hope to rob war of its dangers to life, limb and property. Since the sharpening

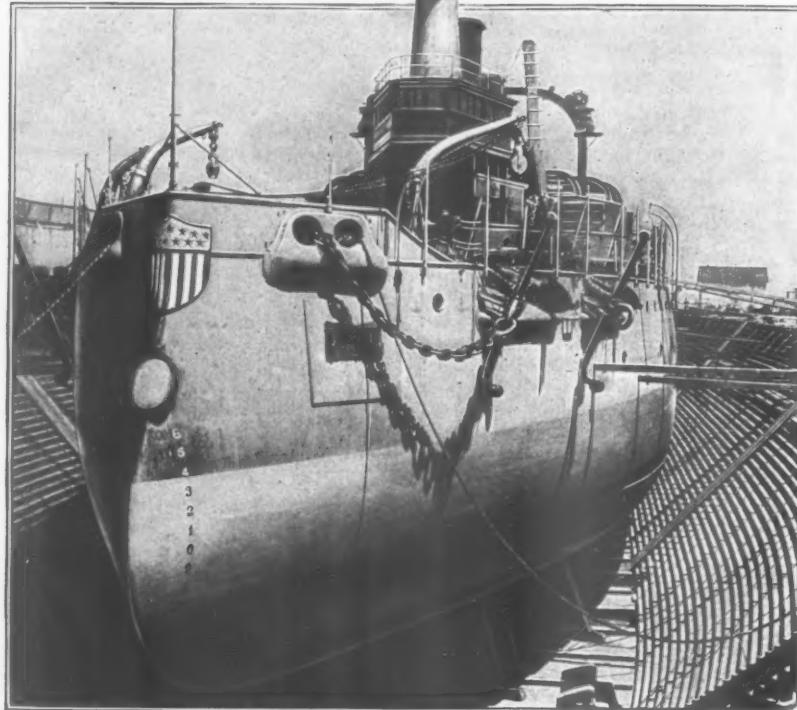
of the first sword, or the detonation of the first blunderbuss, weapons of offense have required careful handling. It is a notorious truth that war cannot be made salubrious. As Napoleon said, "If you want to make an omelette, you've got to break some eggs."

So long as it is wise to distrust the other man, and so long as the other man will strengthen himself, just so long will military evolution go on. Writhe as philosophers and humanitarians may, the chief assurance of peace is "preparedness" for war. And the final unanswered argument for battleships costly soever and risky soever, will always be the fact that other people have them.

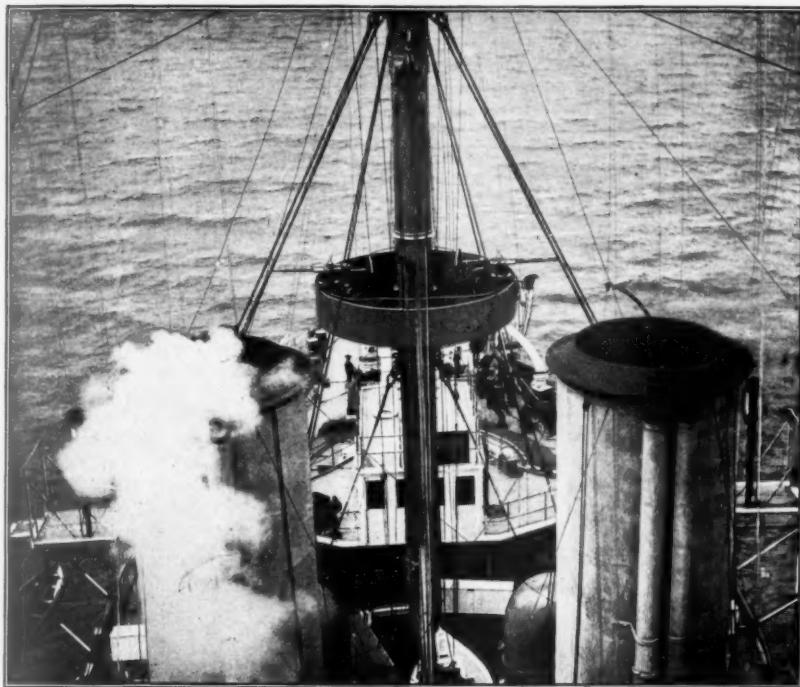
Hateful as they may be in principle, they yet appeal so strongly to the admiration for the ingenuity of their construction, that a study of the myriad problems and their attendant solutions is eminently worth while. A passenger ship is com-

plicated enough, the machinist knows, with its demand for speed, strength, capacity, comfort, safety and compactness. The battleship has all these needs and also the multifarious demands of defense and offense. We are used now to the idea of steel ships, though at one time the mere suggestion that iron would float would have been counted a heresy to one of the axioms of what was then called natural philosophy. But to-day merchant vessels are what the warships of the "Constitution's" day would not have dared to be, and the battle monster of our time is a steel structure of such vastitude and weight that its buoyancy is almost incredible. Seeing is hardly believing.

THE HULL.—The first necessity of any vessel is of course a hull, and the hull of a warship is a wonder-work of concise multiplicity. The ship may be said to be



U. S. BATTLESHIP "OREGON" IN DRY DOCK.



LOOKING FROM A FIGHTING TOP.

elaborated on a foundation called the "armored box," which makes the vessel at heart a whaleback, though only when all the upper works and decks are shot away would the box float higher and disclose its identity.

A large portion of the bottom of the ship is double, and to minimize the effects of accident, it is subdivided into watertight compartments. The hull of the "Maine" was thus made up of one hundred and ninety-eight "mild steel" cells. Between the sheaths, and traversed at regular intervals by the "floors," frames and longitudinals, as well as a seemingly irregular network of piping, is space for a man to crawl prone; the duty of inspecting these tortuous spaces being one of the least pleasant tours of the officers. The space is constricted, the atmosphere foul and the gloom Cimmerian. Occasional narrow escapes from being lost and suffocated in this den enliven the career of the Annapolis graduate and prove him to be, even in the days of palmiest peace, more than a fop with a sinecure.

The outside bottom plating of the "Maine" was of steel, only (heaven save that "only!") one-half an inch thick, the inner sheath only five-sixteenths of an inch thick. When you consider that a ship's armor belt, which is not considered invulnerable, is twelve or sixteen inches thick and extends only a few feet below the water-line, you can readily see why she is, like a pugilist, quickly disabled when struck below the belt—though slight ruptures will not usually pierce the inner sheath.

The protective deck, which earns its name by shielding the engines, the boilers and the magazines below it, is a curved sheet of steel, covering the whole ship from water-line to water-line. It varies in thickness according to necessity. On the new ship "Kentucky," it is from two and three-quarters to five inches thick; and it is joined at the edges to the side armor-belt, which, on the same ship, has a mean height of seven and one-half to sixteen and one-half inches. This is backed by an almost equal depth of teak, which is in turn

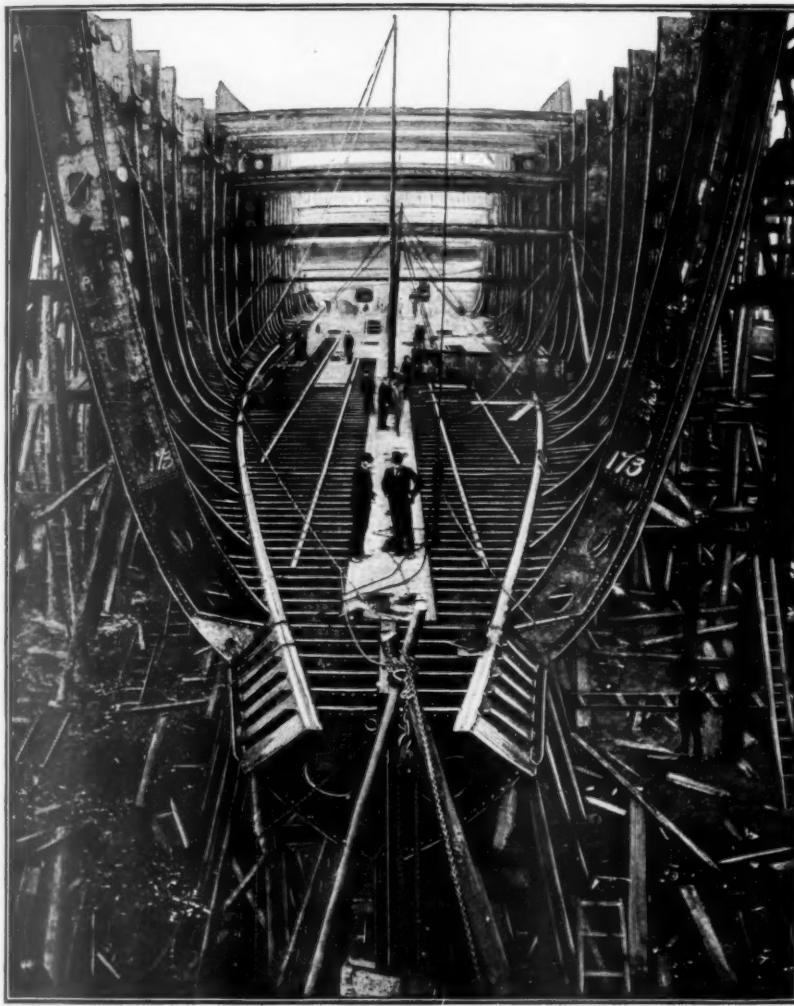
backed by more plate armor. It would seem that such a sheath, made as it is of steel, and that steel Harveyed, would render the ship invulnerable; and yet it is generally believed that the race between projectiles and armor is at present well in favor of the projectiles, and the wonderful victories of Commodore Dewey at Manila, and of Sampson and Schley over Cervera, prove the theory that nowadays the best, the only secure armor for a ship, is the rapid and accurate service of the guns.

The modern battleship aims to be all things to all emergencies, a cruiser as well as a floating fort, a monitor as well as a battleship, a torpedo-boat as well as a torpedo-boat destroyer, and, as well as all these things—a ram. Its prow is accordingly drawn out to a sharp nose at a point where it would pierce a hostile ship below the armor-belt and sink her. Back of the ram is a large compartment separated from the spaces further in the rear by a particularly strong partition (called the collision bulkhead) and made stiff enough to confine to its own space any damage received from ramming.

DIMENSIONS.—The devices for bracing and reinforcing the hull, are too numerous and technical to bear description here, but their importance can be realized when it is considered that the wetted surface of the "Maine's" hull was 23,770 square feet, and that it displaced 6,650 tons of water at average draught. This, too, when the "Maine's" length was only some 324 feet, her width 56 feet, and her draught 21½ feet, while the length, beam and draught of our greatest first-class ship, the "Iowa," are respectively 360 feet, 72 feet and 24 feet, and the length of the five sister ships yet unfinished, the "Kearsarge," "Kentucky," "Illinois," "Alabama" and "Wisconsin," is 368 feet. The armored cruisers "New York" and "Brooklyn" are longer (380 and 400 feet) but their beam is less by eight feet. The amount of water displaced by these first-class battleships is also far greater—11,500 tons. It speaks very well for Father Neptune to say that he can bear this weight jauntily, and it is a great compliment to the god of explosion (who is perhaps the force the Greeks saved a



INTERIOR OF A TURRET ON THE "MASSACHUSETTS."



A FRAME NEARLY FINISHED.

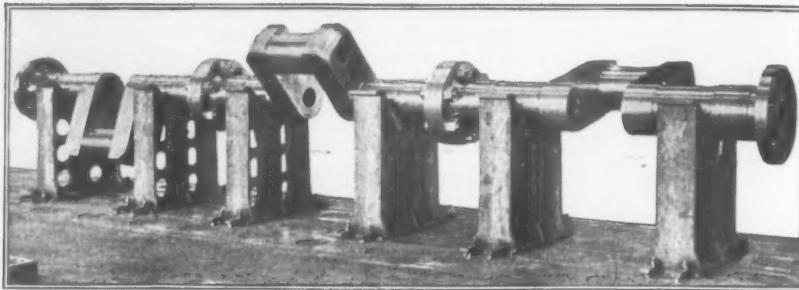
place for as "the Unknown God") that he can lift such a ship high in air with one hand and shake it to death like a rat.

THE ARMORED BOX.—The lower part of the hull, which with its top is, as I have said, sometimes called the "armored box," is indeed the strong-box of the vessel. It contains the vitals of the ship, the boilers, the engines and the auxiliary engines; it is the storeroom for the ammunition, the coal, the provisions, the moneys, the repair

and the general equipment. No trunk was ever packed with more care, neatness, economy and adjustment of space.

The hull may be divided into the hold, the platform deck, the protective deck, the berth deck, the gun deck and the main deck. Beside these and above the hull are the superstructure deck and the bridge deck.

The hull of the battleship, as of all properly built modern vessels, peaceful or



THE HOLLOW CRANK SHAFT OF THE U. S. BATTLESHIP "IOWA."

bellicose, is made up of watertight compartments protected from each other by stout partitions (bulkheads), so that the rupture of one will not flood the whole ship, or even the next compartment. The bulkheads of a battleship serve also to protect the vessel from itself as well as from the sea; and a minor explosion in one compartment is likely to be confined in its effects to its immediate pigeonhole. When the ship's life is threatened by the elements or other enemies, the narrow iron doors of these compartments are clanged to and locked, and the various cells of the huge beehive are mutually isolated.

A further, and an extremely happy device to localize the effects of disasters, is the use above the protective deck of cofferdams filled with cellulose. This cellulose is a prepared American cornpith which is rendered fireproof, and packed in along the sides of the ship. It absorbs water greedily and swells like a sponge, so that if a shot makes a breach the water enters and the pith automatically closes the hole. A strip an inch thick will mend the breach made by a shot from a six-pounder rapid-fire rifle.

THE ENGINES.—The engines, which are guarded with such care and must move such a monster, are a microcosm in themselves. They are built up like houses in the shops at the shipyard, and finished and tested before they are placed in the ship, after the ceremony of launching.

To drive the enormous twin propellers (each of whose three blades is higher than a tall man) there are two sets of triple expansion engines. These are arranged in engine rooms separated by a water-tight partition that runs from front to rear (a

fore and aft bulkhead). And both engines, or either, can be worked from either engine-room, so that a shot demolishing one engine will not necessarily disable the vessel.

THE BOILERS.—The boilers are of course enormous. There were eight of them on the "Maine" and they were placed in two groups in water-tight compartments. Each boiler on the "Maine" was nearly fifteen feet in diameter and nearly a dozen feet long. For forcing the draught, two fan blowers are provided for each fire-room, four in all, capable of supplying 10,000 cubic feet of air each minute to the furnaces.

Automatic stoking has not come yet, though it is impossible that evolution should continue the present abomination and neglect a labor-saving device much longer. While we are waiting, the fires must be kept alive, as on passenger steamers, by stokers. The hideousness of this work is well enough known, and the Annapolis graduates share with their men the heat of an inferno.

The mutual devotion of officers and seamen is more hearty in the American navy than in any other; for our sailors have from the first been treated with unprecedented humanity and consideration. One is constantly reading of some officer rescuing the life of a seaman at the risk of his own. That this is not incompatible with the most efficient discipline, is always shown when the test is put.

Life in the engine-rooms of a war vessel has its peculiar terrors. Even in peaceful ports, danger is ubiquitous. For instance, when the "Texas" sank, right here in New York harbor, the comic paragraphers held a saturnalia; but it was far from a comic



RUDDER SHAFT TUBE AND ONE OF THE PROPELLERS.

moment to my friend Assistant Engineer Walton Hinds, who, on account of the absence of his superior officer on shore leave, found himself on duty in the engine-rooms at the critical time. He realized that if the inpouring water reached the boilers before the fires were drawn, a terrific explosion would wreck the ship. There was a strong temptation to join the boat-loads leaving the sinking vessel, but discipline prevailed. Mr. Hinds restrained the only two men that made for the ladder;

he directed the quick work of the others. He was waist-deep in water before the vessel was safe, and then he sent all his men up ahead of him. He had rescued the good ship (in some ways she is believed to be the most efficient in our navy) from tragedy into comic-paper comedy.

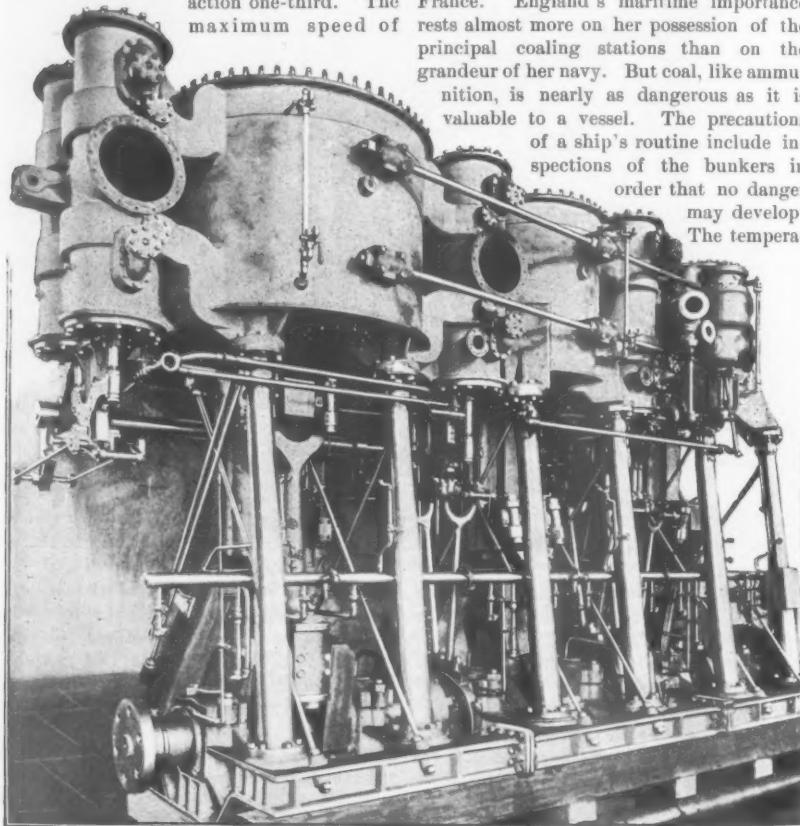
THE COAL BUNKERS.—But aside from the inalienable human hatred of working in the dark, and the almost certain doom of the engineering forces in case the vessel sinks, or is successfully attacked by a

torpedo, the engineers, like their engines, are, so far as bombardment alone is concerned, in the safest part of the ship—if any part of a ship in action can be called safe. The armor belt protects them at the water line; the protective deck, above. But most important of all, the vast cargo of coal is used as a protection, being stored along the sides of the ship in bunkers. The coal supply of the "Maine" was 825 tons divided among twenty compartments, but the capacity of such a ship as the "Kearsarge" amounts to 1,200 tons; if necessary, 1,600 or 1,700 tons, an amount sufficient to carry the ship five or six thousand miles at a speed of ten knots an hour without recoaling. The increase of speed to thirteen knots diminishes the radius of action one-third. The maximum speed of

these ships is about fifteen knots, though the "Maine" made almost eighteen on her trial trip, the strong head wind and tide being taken into account.

The terrific drain made on their coal by these ponderous ships gives the meek black mineral a strategic importance almost equal to that of powder. The oldtime sailing vessel could store up provisions enough for almost any conceivable cruise, and draw on the measureless bins of the wind for motive power, but a man-of-war of our day can hardly get across the ocean and back without recoaling, and unless a secondary base of supplies is available, the demonstration of the most powerful fleet can amount to hardly more than the famous up-the-hill-and-down-the-hill excursion of the King of France. England's maritime importance rests almost more on her possession of the principal coaling stations than on the grandeur of her navy. But coal, like ammunition, is nearly as dangerous as it is valuable to a vessel. The precautions of a ship's routine include inspections of the bunkers in order that no danger may develop.

The tempera-

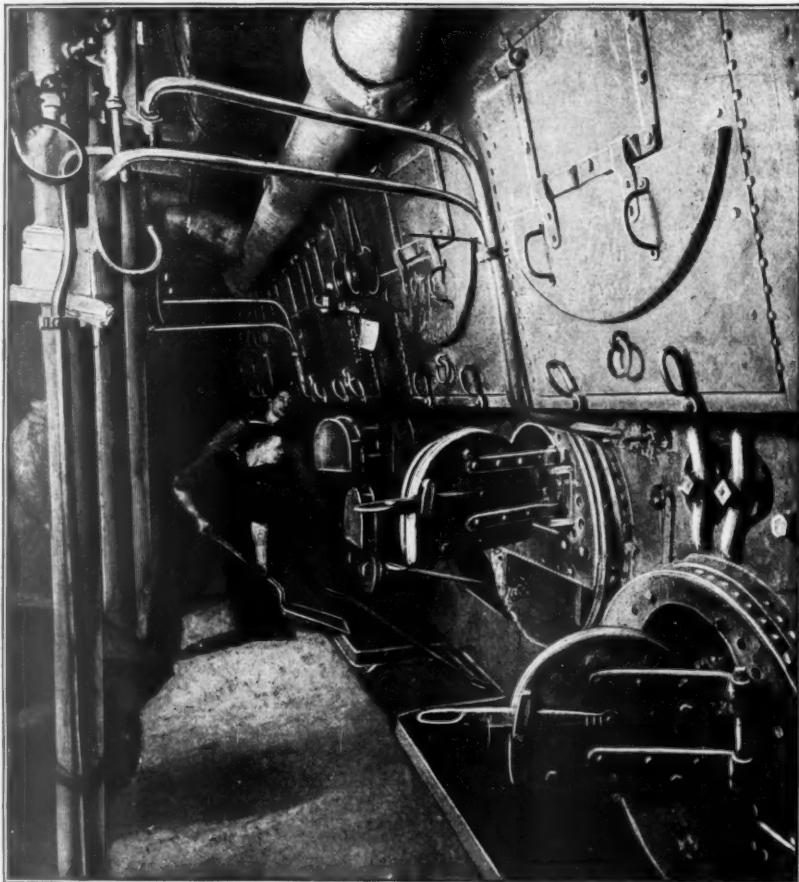


TRIPLE-EXPANSION ENGINES.

ture of the coal is frequently taken to guard against the presence of a smoldering fire which may be caused by spontaneous combustion and may remain long hidden. And certain grades of coal when overheated emit an inflammable gas that may explode at the first opening of a bunker lid or at any encounter with a naked light.

from a jack-knife or a toy-pistol up, the warship is a constant danger to those that wield it. Like the laws of nature, it is strictly impartial to all that gets in its way. There is a sublime indiscrimination about powder, and it is treated with distinguished respect by the most fearless officers.

It is not permitted to store more than



SCENE IN A BOILER ROOM.

THE MAGAZINES.—The coal bunkers shield not only the engines, but the main magazines as well, for, while the ammunition for small arms, the powder for firing salutes and the torpedo heads are generally stored forward and aft of the armored box, the main magazines are naturally given all possible covering. Like every other weapon,

small quantities of powder in or near towns or cities, but our man-of-war's-men eat, sleep and have their being in a little world of explosives. Thus the "Maine" carried one hundred thousand pounds of brown prismatic powder stored in two magazines, as well as eight thousand five hundred pounds of coarse black powder. Then

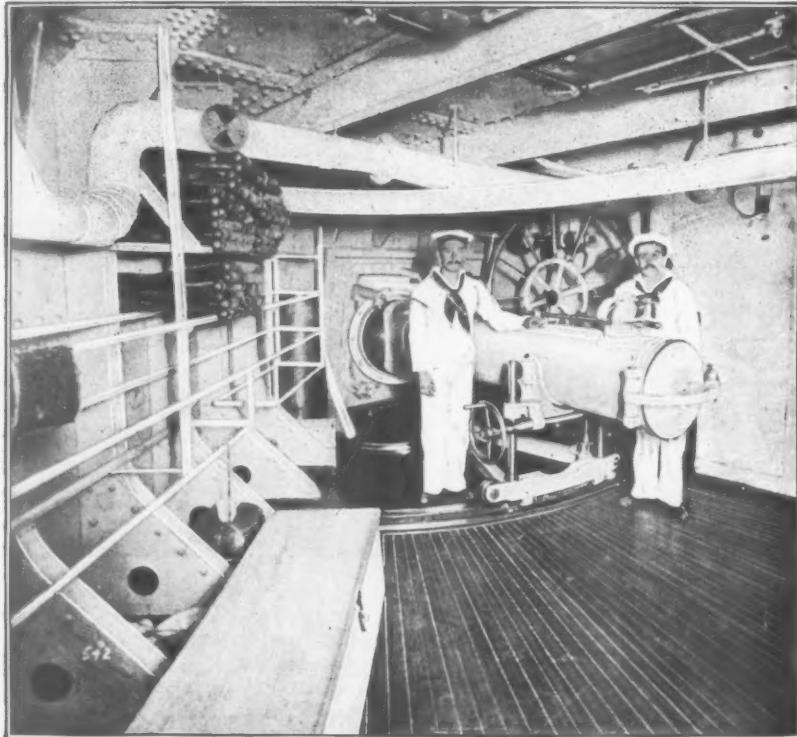
there were eight hundred pounds of wet gun-cotton and some little dry gun-cotton stored in various places to minimize the effects of its sensitiveness. And there were quantities of ten-inch and six-inch shells, rapid-fire cartridges, and the torpedoes. Yet in technically comparative terms the "Maine" had on board no high explosives other than that contained in the heads of the Whitehead torpedoes.

It is needless to say that the magazines are guarded against their own spontaneous conspiracies, and the machinations of such traitors or spies as the wretch said to have been caught filing the lock of one of the "Puritan's" magazine rooms. Steel bulkheads surround and divide them, their temperature is kept at a minimum, carefully watched and reported, the keys of the magazine are cautiously intrusted and kept on a hook over the berth of the commanding officer. The rarity of accidents in view

of the constant risks, is a proof of the possibilities of discipline.

THE STORES.—Besides the engines, the boilers, the coal and the magazines, the armored box contains not only general stores, submarine mine rooms, wet and dry provisions, navigation equipment, medical and paymaster's stores and fresh water, rooms for loading shells and for passing them to their guns, electrical stores, hydraulic pumps and dynamos, but also trimming tanks in bow and stern, which may be filled with water to serve as ballast.

THE CENTRAL STATION.—Here also is the central station, the very heart and soul of the ship. It is stationed beneath "the eyes" of the ship, or the conning tower. From the heavily armored conning tower where the ship is steered and directed, an armored tube carries elaborate signal apparatus to the central station, whence, as from a ganglion, nerves ramify throughout



TORPEDO TUBE.

the ship carrying the will of the captain; the wires being almost as complicated as the system of miles on miles of pipes used for various purposes and ingeniously distinguished by different-colored bands.

The vessel can be steered electrically from the flying deck, the pilot house or the superstructure deck, or in action, from the conning tower. In case even this is shot away, steering can be managed by a combined steam and hand steering gear in the armored box abaft the engines.

THE AUXILIARY ENGINES.—In the armored box are also the hydraulic pumps that revolve the turrets (these turrets, by the way, aim to make the battleship a monitor as well as everything else). Here also are the dynamos that light the ship, give it telephonic and telegraphic intercommunication, and perform a thousand and one errands. Here also is the distilling apparatus that makes fresh water out of salt for the oilers and for the general use of the crew. Besides, the well-regulated warship of to-day carries its ice-making machine as well.

Before going higher, it may be well to mention the great number of auxiliary engines needed by a battleship. The "Kearsarge," for instance, will have ninety of them, steam, electric, pneumatic and hydraulic. These operate the turrets, load and work the guns and hoist the ammunition, run the feed pumps, the drain pumps and pumps to put out fires; they work the windlass and capstan to raise the enormous anchors; they operate the various winches, the engines in the workshops; they supply compressed air for the torpedoes; they supply fresh air to the chasms of the engine rooms, and to the crew spaces on the berth deck.

In speaking of ventilation, one is led to interject a reference to the sanitary equipment of a battleship. To keep the crew happy and hale is more than a bit of philanthropy; it is an axiom of military policy. The officers and men must feel that their ship is not only their castle, but their home. Their comfort is looked after in countless ways, from the luxury of the ward-room and the apartments of the captain and commodore aft on the gun deck, to the pleasant quarters of the junior mess in the stern, and the clean and airy places forward on the berth deck where the sea-

men swing their hammocks, sew, lounge, play cards or checkers, write letters to their numerous wives, and tease the pet goats and parrots.

The stateroom bulkheads are coated with pulverized cork painted white; this relieves the steel of its grimness, keeps the paint from chipping and lightens the compartments. What woodwork is used is, in the American navy, fireproofed, and though there has been some objection to the expense of this process, the burning of a warship is so doubly a danger, and recent battles have so approved our fireproofing, that opposition is likely to be silenced permanently.

On the berth deck are the wash rooms, the dispensary, the sick bay or hospital, the steam windlass that raises the mighty port and starboard anchors, and the torpedo rooms, whence Whitehead torpedoes are aimed and discharged with compressed air through tubes. These torpedo tubes are usually four in number, two on each side, port and starboard forward and aft.

Above the berth deck, which is partly protected by coal bunkers, is the gun deck (on the "Maine" the gun deck and main deck were the same). Here are the hatches opening into the coal chutes, for the coal bunkers end here. Here are the ward-rooms (or apartments of the senior officers), the cabins of the captain and admiral or commodore, the executive offices, and the galleys, or kitchens, for the senior mess and for the junior mess and the crew on the deck below.

THE TURRETS.—The turrets themselves are a strictly American idea developed and adapted from the Ericsson "Monitor" of the Civil War. The foreign world has been wont to laugh at our innovations in shipbuilding at first, and to adopt them afterward. It expressed great fears that the turret systems of our ships would overweight them. The architects of the "Kentucky" and "Kearsarge," however, are still more daring in taking the smaller turrets from the sides and placing them immediately over the forward and after turrets, though this double-decking experiment is not to be continued in the "Alabama" and other ships to be finished still later.

The turrets of the "Kentucky" and "Kearsarge" are mounted in barbettes

fifteen inches thick; the armor of the lower turrets themselves is from fifteen to seventeen inches thick and that of the upper from nine to eleven inches. The main turrets are not circular, as before, but elliptical in outline, and they carry two thirteen-inch rifled guns apiece: the upper turrets carrying eight-inch rifled guns. The advantage of the double-decked turrets is that the "interference" in fire of the older system is done away with, for in such a ship as the "Indiana" the forward and after and the side turrets could not be turned their full distance without aiming into each other.

THE BATTERIES.—The number of guns varies widely, of course, with the various ships. The armament of the second-class battleship "Maine" consisted of four ten-inch breechloading rifles in the two turrets ("ten-inch" referring to the diameter of the projectile); half a dozen six-inch breech-loading rifles, two fore and two aft and one on each side amidships on the superstructure deck, a secondary battery of seven six-pounder and eight one-pounder rapid-fire guns and four gatlings, as well as four torpedo tubes with two torpedoes each. With all the available guns trained in one direction, a single broadside could be fired discharging a total weight of four thousand eight hundred pounds.

The armament of the "Kentucky" is much heavier: a main battery of four thirteen-inch and four eight-inch breech-loading rifles and fourteen five-inch rapid-fire guns, and a secondary battery of twenty six-pounder and six one-pounder rapid-fire guns, four Colts and two field guns. The broadside rapid-fire guns are shielded by a continuous wall of six-inch Harveyed steel, with splinter bulkheads between of two-inch steel. These guns alone could deliver three thousand pounds of steel a minute, at terrific velocity.

THE CONNING TOWER.—The main deck carries the support of the conning tower, which, appearing on the superstructure deck, is itself capped by the chart house, where the navigation charts are kept and where the ship is steered, except in time of action, when the pilot and the commanding officer may retire to the conning tower. This latter is the very index of the ship, with an elaborate system of telegraphic

communication with all parts of the vessel; save for a little groove in sight though it is completely boxed in. Its armor, in the "Kentucky," is ten inches thick and the armor of the tube that carries its wires below is seven inches thick.

THE SEARCH LIGHTS.—On the superstructure deck are two great searchlights, one forward and the other aft. In night maneuvers and in discovering torpedo-boats they are simply invaluable. This deck mounts also two or more machine guns. The smokestacks emerge here and the latest plan is to make them very lofty to maximize the natural draught.

THE MASTS.—The two masts of a battleship are nowadays of steel and they are mounted from the inside! They serve as air-shafts for the blowers and hold aloft the signal flags and the electric signal lights for night maneuvers. They also carry the little armored stations called military tops where rapid-fire guns serve to harass the gunners of an enemy and clear his decks from above.

THE CREW.—Such a ship as the "Kentucky" needs a complement of more than five hundred men, forty of them officers. Its cost was "not to exceed" \$4,000,000, the hull and machinery alone counting up \$2,250,000.

The navy of the United States ranks now fifth among the powers of the world; it is about one-fourth as large as England and less than half that of France. It is fortunate, however, that the picayune spirit that kept our navy ridiculous in the eyes of the world, gave way at a time when other nations had established by costly experiments and years of labor a type more or less substantial. Upon this foundation our native ingenuity has developed a group of ships whose lack of numbers is largely atoned for by its individual worth.

It is the plain truth that the best American battleships are the supreme achievements in naval construction. The unequalled gunnery and the sagacious fearlessness of our sailors, officers and men, keep pace with the mechanical improvements. And the achievements of this year of our Lord 1898 prove that the glories of American intellect, as of American heroism, have not by any means died out.



Drawn by
R. West Cimino.

GLORIA MUNDI.

BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

XXI.—Continued.

“BUT it is too cruel,” continued Lady Cressage, “too shameful a story! I was not happy at home. It was nobody’s fault in particular; I don’t know that we were more evil-tempered and selfish among ourselves than most other middle-class households with four hundred a year, and three daughters to marry off. I was the youngest, and I had the sort of good looks which were in fashion at the moment, and mamma worked very hard for me—pretending to idolize me before people though we yapped at each other like fox-terriers in private—and I was lucky in making friends—and so I went swimming

out on the top of the wave that season, the most envied poor fool of a girl in London.

And when Cressage wanted to marry me—I was dizzy with the immensity of what seemed to be offered me. My parents were mad with pride and ecstasy. Everybody around me pretended a kind of holy joy

at my triumph. I give you my word!—never so much as a whisper came to my ears of any shadow of a reason why I should hesitate—why I should think a second time! Do you see? There was not an honest person—a single woman or man with decency enough to warn an ignorant girl of her danger—within reach of me anywhere. They all kept as silent as the grave—with that lying grin of congratulation on their mean faces—and they led me to be married to the beast!”

She had sat erect in her chair as she spoke, and now she rose to her feet, motioning him not to get up as she did so. She took a restless step or two, her shoulders trembling with excitement, and her hands clenched. “Ah-h! I will never forgive them the longest day of my life!” she called out.

Then, with a determined shake of her head, she seemed to master herself. Standing before a small mirror in the panel of a cabinet against the wall, she busied her beautiful hands in correcting the slight disorder of her hair. When she turned to him, it was with a faint, tremulous smile surmounting the signs of stress and agitation upon her face. She sank into the chair again, with a long-drawn breath of resignation.

"But it isn't nice to abuse the dead," she remarked, striving after an effect of judicial fairness in her voice. "I didn't mean to speak like that. And for that matter, why should I speak at all of him? One doesn't blame a wolf for man-eating. You execrate instead the people who deliberately throw a helpless human being to the wolf. I even say to myself that I have no quarrel with Cressage. He was as God made him—if the thought isn't blasphemous. He was a great, overgrown, bullying, blubbering, ignorant boy, who never got beyond the morals of the stables and kennels, and the standards of taste of the servants' hall. One could hardly call him vicious; that is to say, he did not deliberately set out to cause suffering. He did not do anything on deliberation. He acted just as his rudimentary set of barbaric impulses prompted him to act. Some of these impulses would have been regarded as virtues in a more intelligent man. For example, he was wildly, insanely jealous of me. It took the most impossible and vulgar forms, it is true, but still—"

"Oh, need we talk of him?" It was with almost a groan of supplication that Christian stopped her. "He is too unpleasant to think about. Nothing that I had heard of him before made me sorry that he was dead—but this—it is too painful. But now you are a free woman—you see your path well before you, to travel as you choose. And what will you do?"

She sighed and threw up her hands with a gesture of contemptuous indifference. "What does any English lady with six hundred a year do? Devote her energies to seeing that she gets—let me see, what is the sum?—to seeing that she gets twelve thousand shillings' worth of respectable discomfort, and secures reasonable opportunities for making those about her uncomfort-

able also. Oh, I don't in the least know what I shall do. The truth is," she added, with a sad smile, "I have lived alone with my dislikes so long, and I have nourished and watered them so carefully, that now they fill my whole garden. They have quite choked out the flowers of existence—these thick, rank, powerful weeds. And I haven't the energy—perhaps I haven't even the desire—to pull them up. They seem appropriate, somehow—they belong to the desolation that has been made of my life."

Christian bent forward, and made a movement as if to take one of the hands which lay dejectedly in her lap. He did not do this, but touched a projecting bit of lace upon one of the flounces of her gown, and twisted it absent-mindedly in his fingers, instead.

"You are still unhappy!" he said reproachfully, his eyes glowing with the intensity of his tender compassion. "I do not forgive myself for my inability to be of help to you. It is incredible that there is not something I can do."

"But you are going away," she reminded him, in a soft monotone. "You have your own unpleasantnesses to think of—and you are occupied with plans for rearranging your life on new lines. I only hope that you will find the happiness you are setting out in search of. But then men can always get what they want, if they are only sufficiently in earnest about it."

"It is not entirely settled that I shall go away," said Christian. He twisted the lace in the reverse direction, and hesitated over his further words. "That was only one of several alternatives. I am clear only about my resolve to make a stand—to break away. But if I remained here in England—in London?"—He looked with mingled trepidation and inquiry into her face. "If I did not go abroad—is there anything I could do?"

She regarded with attentiveness the hand which was playing havoc with her flounce—and it straightway desisted. She continued to study the little screwed-up cone of lace, in meditative silence. At last she shook her head. "You must not give it another thought," she said, but with no touch of dictation in her musing tone. Her eyes dwelt upon him with a re-

mote and ruminating gaze. "I belong to a past generation. My chances in the lottery are all exhausted—things of the past. You must not bother about me. And I think you ought to give up those ideas of yours about breaking away, as you call it. London hasn't been made pleasant for you, simply because the wrong people have gone the wrong way about it to arrange matters for you. But there are extremely nice people among the set you know, if you once understood them. With your position, you can command any kind of associations you wish to have. After it is all said and done, I think England has its full share of cultivated and refined people of intelligence. I have not seen much of the Continent, but I do not believe that it possesses any superiority over us in that respect."

"But in your own case," urged Christian, somewhat hazily; "you said that there were no honest people about you to warn you—though you were in the best society. That is my feeling—that you do not get the truth from them. They do not lie to you—but they are silent about the truth."

"Is it different elsewhere?" she asked gravely. "Is not the young girl sold everywhere? Do you think that marriage is a more sacred and ethereal thing among the great families of France or Austria or Germany than it is with us? I have heard differently."

"Oh, we are all equally uncivilized about women," he admitted. "I feel very strongly about that. But you, who have such knowledge and such clear opinions—would you not love to do something to alter this injustice to women? The thought has been much in my mind, of late." He paused to reflect in fleeting wonderment upon the fact that only this morning he had been absorbed in it. "And my meaning is," he stumbled on, "there is nothing I would rather devote my life to than the task of making existence easier and broader and more free for young women. Could there be any finer work than that? I know that it appeals to you."

She looked at him with an element of doubt in her glance. "Nothing appeals very much to me—and I'm afraid my sex least of all. I do not like them, to tell the truth. I never get over the surprised disgust of waking up in the morning and

finding that I am one of them. But this is rather wandering from the point, isn't it? I was urging you to give over the notion of making a demonstration. You have waited thus long; be content to wait just a little longer. My private belief is that the Duke will not live the week out."

Still the assurance seemed to suggest nothing to him. "But if he dies," he protested, "how then will I be different? I am lonely—I am like a forlorn man escaped on a raft from a shipwreck—I eat my heart out in friendless solitude. And if I have a great title—why, then I shall be more alone than ever. It is that way with such men—I have seen that they hold themselves aloof—and others do not come freely near them. It frightens me—the thought of living without friends. I say to you solemnly that I would give it all—the position, the authority and dignity, the estates, Caermere, everything—for the assurance of one warm, human heart answering in every beat to mine! Has friendship perished out of the world, then? Or has it never existed, except in the books?"

Her beauty had never been so manifest to him, as now while he gazed at her, and she did not speak. There seemed the faint, delicate hint of a tenderness in the classical lines of the face that he had not seen before. It was as if his appeal had brought forth some latent aptitude of romance, to mellow the direct glance of her eyes, and soften in some subtle way the whole charm of her presence. A new magic was visible in her loveliness—and the sense that his words had conjured it into being thrilled him with a wistful pride. No woman had thus moved him heretofore. The perception that she was plastic to his mental touch—that this flower-like marvel of comeliness and grace, of exquisite tastes and pure dignity of soul, could be swayed by his suggestion, would vibrate at the tone of his voice—awed him as if he were confronted by a miracle. His breath came and went under a dulled consciousness of pain—which was yet more like pleasure. A bell sounded somewhere within the house, and its brief crystal resonance seemed somehow to clarify the ferment of his thoughts. All at once, as by the flooding of sunlight into a darkened labyrinth, his

mind was clear to him. He knew what he wanted—nay, what all the years had been leading him up to desire.

With his gaze maintained upon her face—timidly yet with rapturous intentness, as if fearful of breaking the spell—he rose to his feet, and stood over her. A confusion of unspoken words trembled on his lips, as her slow glance lifted itself to his.

"It was like the pleasantry of a beautiful, roguish little girl!"—he began, smiling nervously down at her—"your saying that you belonged to a generation earlier than mine. Do you think I do not know my generation? And am I blind, that I do not see what is most precious in it? This is what—"

An extraordinary outburst of disputing voices, in the little hallway close at hand, broke in upon his words. He stopped, stared inquiringly at Lady Cressage, and beheld her rise, frowning and hard-eyed, and step toward the door. A vague sense of the familiar came to him from the louder of the accents outside.

The door was opened, and the domestic, red-faced and sputtering with wrath, began some stammered explanation to her mistress. What she sought to say did not appear, for on the instant the door was pushed farther back, and a veiled lady took up her energetic stand upon the threshold.

"Don't blame her," this lady cried, in high, rapid tones. "I forced my way in—something told me that you were at home. And when you hear my news—"

"Oh, since you are here"—Lady Cressage began, coldly. "But really, Mrs. Torr—"

"Oh, no—call me Cora!" the other interrupted, vivaciously.

She went further, and bustling her arms against Edith's shoulders, purported to kiss her on both cheeks. Then, drawing back her head, she went on: "My dear, the duke died at two this morning! It's in all the papers. But what isn't in any of the papers is that the heir is missing. It's a very curious story. Mr. Westland here"—by her gesture it seemed that Dicky was behind her in the hallway—"went to Duke Street this noon, and found Christian's man in great alarm. The younger had bolted, leaving a note saying merely that he was called away. Mr. Westland then

hunted me up, and we started out, for I had a kind of clue, don't you see. I knew where he was at ten o'clock this forenoon—and we drove to Arundel Street, and there we found—"

Christian hurriedly stepped forward. "Oh, I think you may take it that I am not lost," he called out, revealing himself to the astonished Cora. For the moment the chief thing in his mind was satisfaction at having interrupted her disclosures about Arundel Street.

Then, as other thoughts crowded in upon him, he straightened his shoulders and lifted his chin. "It is all right," he said, with a reassuring wave of the hand toward the womenfolk of his family.

PART IV.

XXII.

On the morning of the funeral, six days later, Christian rose very early, and took coffee in his library shortly after seven. Then, lighting a cigarette, he resumed work upon several drawers full of papers, open on the big table, where it had been left off the previous evening. The details of the task seemed already familiar to him. He scanned one document after another with an informed eye, and put it in its proper pile without hesitation. He made notes suggested by the contents of each, on the pad before him, with a quill pen and corrected the vagaries of this unaccustomed implement, in the matter of blots and inadequate lines, with painstaking patience. There were steel nibs in abundance, and two gold stylographic pens, but he clung resolutely to the embarrassing feather.

After a time he rested from his labors, and rang the bell beside his desk; almost upon the instant Falkner appeared in the doorway.

"If Mr. Westland is up," said Christian, "you may ask him to join me here."

"Yes, Your Grace," the smooth-voiced, soft-mannered man replied, and vanished.

The young duke rose, yawned slightly and moved to the window nearest him. It opened, upon examination, and he stepped out on a narrow balcony of stone which skirted the front of the square tower



Drawn by
B. West Clinehurst

"TOOK UP HER ENERGETIC STAND UPON THE VERY THRESHOLD."

he had quitted. The outlook seemed to be to the northeast, for a patch of sunshine lay upon the outer edge of the balcony at the right. Breathing in delightedly the fresh May-morning air he gazed upon the bold prospect of hills receding in lifted terraces high against the remote sky-line. He had not seen just this view from Caermere before—and he said to himself that it was finer than all the others. Above each lateral stretch of purplish-gray granite, to the farthest distance, there ran a band of cool green foliage—the inexpressibly tender green of young birch trees; their thin, chalk-white stems were revealed in delicate tracery against indefinable sylvan shadows.

Through the early stillness, he could hear the faint murmur of the Devor, gurgling in the depths of the ravine between him and the nearest hill.

"To-morrow," he thought, "will begin the true life! All this will be my home—mine! mine! and before anybody is up in the morning I will be down where that river of black water runs, and fish in the deep pools for trout."

Some one touched his elbow. He turned with a quick nod and smile to greet Dicky Westland. "I am up ages before you, you see," he said genially. "It was barely daylight when I woke—and I suffered tortures trying to remain in bed even till six. Oh, this is wonderful out here."

"Awfully jolly place, all round," commented Dicky. He blinked to exorcise the spirit of sleep and gazed at the prospect with determined enthusiasm. "I haven't looked about much, but I've found out one thing already. There's a ghost in my room—and I think he must have been a professional pedestrian in life."

"Splendid!" cried Christian, gaily. "Have you had coffee—or it is tea you people drink, isn't it? Then shall we get to work? I want the papers out of the way before Emanuel comes. They will all be here between nine and ten. I wanted to send carriages to Craven Arms, but it seemed there were not horses enough, so hired traps are to be brought up from the station."

"Do you know who are coming?"

"Lord Julius, and Emanuel and his wife; the captain and his wife and brother; Lord

Chobham, and Lord Lingfield—I don't know if any of their women will come—and Lady Cressage. Then there are some solicitors, and perhaps some old acquaintances of my grandfather's. At all events, Welldon has ordered four carriages and a break. There is to be breakfast at ten, and I shall be glad when it is all over—when everything is over. Do you know?—I have never been to a funeral in my life—and I rather funk it."

"Oh, they're not so bad as you always think they're going to be," said the secretary, consolingly. "The main thing is the gloves. I never could understand it—but black gloves are invariably about two sizes smaller than ordinary colors. You want to look out for that. But I dare say your man is up to the trick—he looks a knowing party, does Falkner."

"I fancy I shall give him back to Emanuel," remarked Christian, thoughtfully. "He is an excellent servant, but he reminds me too much of Duke Street. Did you notice the old butler yesterday afternoon?—he stood at the head of the steps to meet us—that is old Barlow. I have a great affection for him. I shall have him valet me, I think."

"Isn't he rather venerable for the job?" suggested the other. "And wouldn't it be rather a come-down for a head butler? They're awfully keen about their distinctions among themselves, you know."

Christian smiled with placidity. "I think that the man whom I pick out to be nearest me, will feel that he has the best place in the household. I shall be very much surprised indeed if that isn't Barlow's view. And of course he will have his subordinates. But now let us take Welldon's statement for the last half of '95, and the two halves of '96. Then we can get to the mine. Unless I am greatly mistaken, that is most important. I find that the mining company's lease falls in early next year. And won't you ring the bell and have Welldon sent up when he comes?"

Upon mature reflection Christian decided not to descend to meet his guests at breakfast. When he had dismissed the estate agent, Welldon, after a prolonged and very comprehensive interview, he announced

this decision to Westland. "You must go down and receive them in my place," he said.

"I will say that you have a cold," suggested Dicky.

"By no means," returned Christian, promptly.

"It is not necessary to enter into details. You receive them—that is all. I have spoken with Barlow; he knows what to do with them in the matter of rooms and so on. I am breakfasting here. And afterward—say at eleven o'clock—I will see some of them here. There is an hour to spare then, before we go to the church. I am not clear about this—which ones to see first. There is that stupid reading of the will after we get back—"

"By George! do they do that still?" interrupted Dicky. "I know they did in Trollope and George Eliot—but I thought it had gone out."

"It is kept up in old families," replied Christian, simply. "In this case it is a pure formality, of course. There is no mystery whatever. The will was made in 1859, after the entail was broken, and merely bequeaths everything in general terms to the heir-at-law. My grandfather covenanted, at the same time, to Lord Julius to make no subsequent will save by his advice and consent—so that there can be no complications of any kind. I am thinking whether it would be better to see Lord Julius and Emanuel before the reading of this will or after. Really it makes no difference—perhaps it is better to get it over with. Yes—say to them that I beg they will come to me here at eleven. You might bring them up and then leave us together—or no, they know the way. Let them come up by themselves."

Through the open window there came the grinding sound of wheels upon the gravel of the drive, around at the east front. At a gesture from the other, Dicky hurried away.

Left to himself, Christian wandered again to the casement, and regarded the spacious view with renewed interest. Falkner entered presently, bearing a large



Drawn by
B. West
Clineinst.

"THE TOLLING OF THE BELLS HAD CEASED."

tray, and spread some covered dishes upon a cloth on the library table.

"How many carriages have come?" the master asked from his place at the window.

"Four, Your Grace—and a break with some wreaths and Lord Chobham's man and a maid—I think it is Lady Cressage's maid."

"Who has come—outside the family?"

"Three gentlemen, Your Grace—one of them is Mr. Soman. Barlow thinks they are all solicitors."

Christian inused briefly upon the presence of Lord Julius's man of business. Since that first evening of his on English soil, at Brighton, he had not seen this Mr. Soman. He remembered nothing of him, indeed, save his green eyes. And, now that he thought of it, even this was not a personal recollection. It was the remark of the girl on the boat, about his having green eyes, which stuck in his memory. He smiled, as he looked idly out on the hills.

The girl on the boat! Was it not strange that his mind should have applied to her this distant and chilling designation? Only a few days ago—it would not be a week till to-morrow—she had seemed to him the most important person in the world. A vision of his future had possessed him, in which she alone had a definite share. How remote it seemed—and how curious!

He recalled, quite impersonally, what he had heard in one way or another about her family. Her father was some sort of underling in the general post office—a clerk or accountant, or something of the kind. There was a son—of course, that would be the brother Cora had spoken of—and the ambition of the family had expended itself in sending this boy to a public school, and to the university. The family had made great sacrifices to do this—and apparently these had been wasted. He had the distinct impression of having been told that the son was a worthless fellow. How often that occurred in England—that everything was done for the son, and nothing at all for the daughters! Then in fairness he reflected that it was even worse in France. Yes, but somehow Frenchwomen had a talent for doing for themselves. They were cleverer than their brothers—more helpful, resourceful—in spite of the fact that the brothers had monopolized the advantages. Images of capable, managing Frenchwomen he had known rose before his mind's eye; he saw them again accomplishing wonders of work, diligent, wise, sensible, understanding everything that was said or done. Yet, oddly enough, these very paragons of feminine capacity had a fatal unfeminine defect; they did not know how to bring up their sons. Upon that side they were incredibly weak and silly; it was impossible to prevent their making pampered fools of their boys.

Suddenly his vagrant fancies were concentrated upon the question of how Frances Bailey would bring up a boy—a son of her own. It was an absurd query to have raised itself in his mind—and he put it away from him with promptitude. There remained, however, a kind of mental protest lodged on her behalf among his thoughts. He perceived that in his ruminations he had done her an injustice. She was not inferior in capability or courage to any of the self-sufficient Frenchwomen he had been thinking of, and in the matter of intellectual attainments was she not immeasurably superior to them all? The translucent calm of her mind—penetrating, far-reaching, equable as the starlight—how queer that it should be coupled with such a bad temper! She always quarreled with him, and bullied him, when they were together. Even when she was exhibiting to him the sunniest aspects of her mood, there was always a latent defiance of him underneath, ready to spring forth at a word. He remembered how, at the close of their first meeting, she had refused to tell him her name. He saw now that this obstinacy of hers had annoyed him more than he had imagined. For an instant it assumed almost the character of a grievance—but then his attention fastened itself at random upon the remarkable fact that he had seen her only twice in his life. Upon reflection, this did seem very strange indeed. But it was the fact—and in the process of readjusting his impressions of the past six months to fit with it, the figure of her receded in his mind, grew less as she moved away under a canopy of dull yellowish-green, which vaguely identified itself with the trees on the Embankment. She dwindled thus till he thought of her again, with a dim impulse of insistence upon the phrase, as the girl on the boat. The transition to thoughts of other things gave his mind no sort of trouble.

He pondered some of these other things—formlessly and light-heartedly—while he stood at the library table, and picked morsels here and there from the dishes laid for him. His absence of appetite he referred tacitly to the warmth of the day, as it was sunnily developing itself outside. Here on this shaded side of the castle, it was cool enough, but there was the languor

of spring in the air. He scrutinized this new library of his afresh. Until Barlow had opened it for him, shortly after his arrival yesterday, it could not have been used for years. Most of its appointments had a very ancient look; no doubt they must date back at least to the seventh Duke's time. It was incredible that his grandfather, the eighth Duke, should have been inspired to furnish a library. There were many shelves of apparently very old books as well, but there was also a vast deal of later rubbish—stock and sporting annuals, veterinary treatises, county directories and the like—which he would lose no time in putting out. He saw already how a delightful room could be made of it. It had the crowning merit of being connected with the suite of apartments he had chosen for his own. From the door at the side, opposite the fine old fireplace, one entered the antechamber to his dressing-room. This gave to the library an intimate character, upon which he reflected with pleasure. Here he would come, secure from interruption, and spend among his books the choicest and most fruitful hours of his leisure. It was plain to him that henceforth he would do a great deal of reading, and perhaps—why not?—of writing too.

There was a rap upon the door, and then Falkner, opening it, announced Lord Julius and his son. They came in together, diffusing an impalpable effect of constraint. The elder man seemed in Christian's eyes bigger than ever; his white beard spread over the broad chest like a vine run wild. Emanuel, who lapsed in the wake of his father, was unexpectedly small by comparison. The shadows, where the two stood, emphasized the angular peculiarities of his bald head. His thin face took an effect of sallow pallor from his black clothes. Already he had his black gloves in his hands.

Christian stepped forward to meet them—and was suddenly conscious of the necessity for an apology. "I did not come down," he murmured, as he shook hands with a grave smile—"I am not quite master of myself yet. It is still strange to me. But come to the window, and let us sit down."

They followed him, and took the chairs he pushed out for them. He perched

himself on the corner of the big table, and lightly stroked the glazed boot of the foot which was not on the floor. "I am glad to hear that Kathleen has come," he said to his cousin. "I hope she is very well."

"Extremely so," replied Emanuel. Then, upon reflection, he added, "We had hoped that you would come to us, on your way down from London."

"There was so much to do in town," explained Christian, hazily. "My grandfather's lawyers came up at once from Shrewsbury, and it was necessary to see a good deal of them—and then there were the tailors and outfitters. It was all I could do to get away yesterday morning. And of course—by that time I was needed here." He turned to the other. "And you are very well, Uncle Julius?"

"I am well," said the elder man, with what Christian suspected for the instant to be significant brevity. The father and son had exchanged a look, as well, which seemed to have a meaning beyond his comprehension. But then he forgot these momentary doubts in the interest of the discovery that there were tears in his great-uncle's eyes.

Lord Julius unaffectionately got out a handkerchief, and wiped them away. He looked up at the young man as through a mist. "I never dreamed that I should feel it so much," he said, huskily. "I am amazed at myself—and then ashamed at my amazement—but Kit's death has somehow put me about and upset me to a tremendous extent. There was thirteen years between us—but when you get to be an old man, that seems no more than as many weeks. And Emanuel"—he addressed his son with the solemnity befitting a revelation—"I am an old man."

Emanuel frowned a little in his abstracted fashion. "You are less old than any other man of your years in England," he protested.

Christian, listening, somehow found no conviction in these reassuring words. It dawned upon him suddenly that Lord Julius had in truth aged a great deal. The perception of this disarranged the speech he had in his mind.

"There are a thousand things to be talked over," he began, with an eye upon Emanuel, "but I do not know if this is quite the opportune time. I wished to lose no time

in seeing you both, of course—but you will not be hurrying away. No doubt there will be a better opportunity."

"I don't think it will be found that there is so very much to say," remarked Emanuel. A gentle but persistent melancholy seemed to pervade his tone.

"There is the complication"—Christian began again, and hesitated. "That is to say—you know even better and more fully than I do, to what a great extent I am in your hands. And there the complication, as I said, arises. I have been working very hard on the figures—with the lawyers in London, and here since I arrived—but before we touch those at all, I ought to tell you frankly, Emanuel: I do not see my way to meeting the conditions which you suggested to me last autumn, when we met first."

Emanuel seemed in no wise perturbed by the announcement. His nervous face maintained its unmoved gravity. "It was never anything more than a pious hope that you would," he commented. "I may add," he went on, "that even this hope cannot be said to have survived your first visit. Otherwise, I should have tried to have you see London under different auspices—through different eyes."

The calmness with which the decision he had regarded as so momentous met acceptance, disconcerted Christian. He had mentally prepared for the defense of his hostile attitude toward the System—and, lo! not a syllable of challenge was forthcoming.

"But there remains, all the same, the principal difficulty," he said, thinking hard upon his words. "It does not lessen my obligations to you as my chief creditors." He looked from one to the other, as if in uncertainty as to which was the master mind. "You have both been very open with me. You have told me why it was that you devoted a large fortune to buying up the mortgages on the estate which is now mine—and to lending always more money upon it—until now the interest eats up income like a visitation of locusts. But my knowledge of the motives does not help me. And you must not think, either," his confidence was returning now, and with it a better control over his phrases—"that I am begging for help.

I look the situation in the face, and I do not feel that I am afraid of it. I see already many ways in which I can make a better fight of it than my grandfather made."

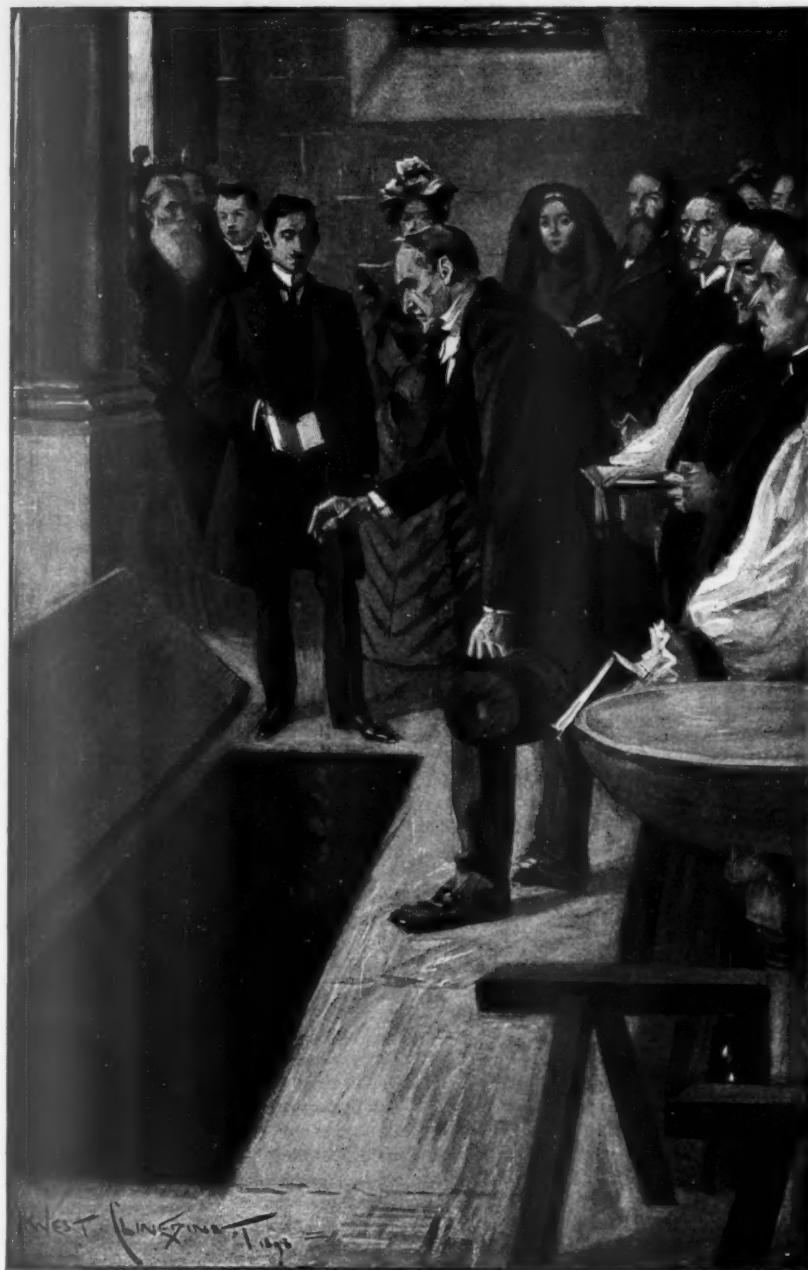
Lord Julius held up a hand. "Is there not a misconception there?" he asked, pleasantly enough. "A fight involves antagonists—and I intervened in poor Kit's affairs as a protector, not as an assailant."

Christian stood erect, and knitted his brows in puzzled thought upon both the manner and the matter of these words.

"But it is still the same," he persisted. "You were his good friend—as I know you are mine—or hope very sincerely that you are—but none the less you were his overwhelmingly big creditor, as now you are mine. If one is greatly in debt, then one struggles to get out. It is in that sense that I meant the word 'fight.' And, to repeat, I see many ways of making progress. I find that Welldon is not exclusively my man. He is the agent of three other estates as well, because we could not pay him enough here for all of his services. That I will alter at once. I find that we have no mineral bailiff. The company at Coalbrook has paid such royalties as it pleased, without check of any sort. We have the right to examine their books, but it has never been exercised. Next week my secretary and Welldon go to Coalbrook. I find that the Company's lease of twenty-one years expires next February. Eh bien! It will be strange if I do not get ten thousand pounds hereafter, where less than four have come in hitherto. My lawyers already know of capitalists who desire to bid for the new lease—and the estimate of increase is theirs, not mine. But these are details. I mention them to you only to show you that I am not afraid. But anxious, I do not deny that I am. I have not been bred to these things—and I may easily make mistakes. It would take a great load off my mind if—if, in some measure, you would be my advisers as well as my creditors."

"Why should you ever have doubted that?" asked Emanuel, in a tone of somber kindness.

"Ah, but I do not mean advice about the management of the estate," put in Christian, with an over-eager instinct o-



Drawn by B. West Cinedust.

"CRUMPLED EARTH FROM HIS TANNED AND CLUMSY FINGERS."

self-defense. "I do not shrink from taking that completely on my own shoulders. I would not trouble you with anything of that sort. But of larger matters——"

"There is one large matter," interrupted Lord Julius, speaking with great deliberation, "which I find outweighing all others in my mind. It is not new to my mind—but to-day it pushes everything else aside. It is the thought of the family itself. I have told you this before—let me say it to you again. Everything that I have done—every penny that I have laid out—has been with this one end in view—the family. Yet this morning I have been thinking of it—and I am frightened. While poor old Kit lingered along, it was not so easy to grasp it, somehow—but his going off makes it glaring. There are too few of us. I am alone in my generation—and so is Emanuel in his—and so are you in yours, save for those rowdy simpletons Eddy and Gus. And beyond you, there is only that little girl baby of Cora Bayard's! I want you to marry, Christian. I want to see sons of yours growing up here at Caermere—hearty, fine boys to carry the name of Torr along. That I am really in earnest about. By comparison with it, nothing else on earth matters—for us."

"Oh, I shall marry," Christian replied, in smiling seriousness. "Of course, that is the obvious thing to be done. And now"—he looked at his watch—"it is time for me to dress. It is arranged that you and Emanuel and Kathleen drive to the church in the carriage—with me. It is not quite orthodox precedence, I know, but I could not bear to—to have it otherwise. And we will think no more about those other matters until to-morrow."

"Other matters," repeated Lord Julius, and exchanged a look with his son as they rose. "My dear Christian, there are no other matters."

"No—not till to-morrow," answered Christian, with a doubtful smile. "But then I am afraid there are a good many."

Emanuel filled in the pause. "Mr. Soman has brought all the papers," he said, with a flitting return to his lighter manner. "It is my father's meaning that the mortgages are extinguished."

Christian gazed from one to the other with a face full of stupefaction. His knees

shook and sought to bend under him. Tremblingly he essayed to speak—and his lips would make no sound.

Lord Julius laid his big hand on the young man's shoulder—and Christian, dimly recalling the effect of this touch in the days when he had first known it, thrilled at the novel restfulness it somehow now conferred.

"Only show me a son of yours," said the old man, with tender gravity. "Let me see an heir before I die."

Without further words, the two left him. Christian, staring at the shadowed door through which they had vanished, remained standing. His confused brain quailed in the presence of thoughts more stupendous than the ancient hills outside.

XXIII.

Several thousand people caught that day their first curious glimpse of the new master of Caermere. At the most there were but a handful of aged persons, in the throng clustered along the sides of the road winding down from the Castle to the partially restored medieval collegiate church in the valley, who could remember any other duke than the one being borne now to lie among his fathers. The fact that these venerable folk, without exception, were in the enjoyment of a day's holiday from the workhouse, might have interested a philosopher, had it been pressed upon his attention.

Quite two hundred horsemen, mounted in their own saddles on their own beasts, rode in the long procession which descended from Caermere toward the close of the noon hour. Clad in decent black for the greater part, with old silk hats or other formal and somber headgear, they jogged sedately in unison as the curbed horses stepped with caution down the hill. Their browned and large-featured faces wore a uniform mask of solemnity—distinguished chiefly by a resolute contraction of brows and lips, and eyes triumphantly cleared of all traces of speculation. They looked down, as they passed, upon the humbler dalesmen and laborers of the hillsides, and their womenfolk and swarming children, with an impassive, opacated gaze.

On the green, before the little covered gateway to the churchyard, dull murmurs

spread through this cortege, propelled side-long from mouths which scorned to open; the main principles of a proposed evolution came slowly, in some mysterious way, to be comprehended among them: after almost less backing and pushing into one another than might have been expected, they perceived themselves emerging into an orderly arrangement, by which they lined the two sides of the carriage-way crossing the green. They regarded each other across this significant strip of gravel with a gloomy stolidity of pride: the West Salop Yeomanry could scarcely have done it better. Then another rustle of whispered sounds along their ranks toward the church—and the civic side of their demonstration came uppermost. With a tightened left hand upon the reins, they removed their hats, and held them so that they could most readily read the names of the makers inside.

The carriages bearing the family of Torr, preceded by the curtained hearse, and followed by a considerable number of broughams and closed landaus recognizable as the property of the neighboring gentry, moved silently forward along this lane of uncovered horsemen. The distant swelling moan of the organ floated on the May air, in effect a comment upon the fact that the tolling of the bell in the tower had ceased.

The intermittent noise of carriage-doors being sharply shut, and of wheels getting out of the way, proceeded from the head of the procession at the gate—and tenants and other undistinguished people on foot began to press forward between the ranks. The horsemen, with furtive glances to right and left, put on their hats again, and let the restive animals stretch their muscles in the path. A few, dismounting, and giving their bridles over to boys, joined those who were moving toward the church. The majority, drawing their horses aside into groups formed at random, and incessantly shifting, lent their intellects, and in some restrained measure their tongues, to communion upon the one great problem of the day:—would the new Duke set the Hunt on its legs again?

The question was so intimately connected with their tenderest emotions and convictions, that no one liked to speak of it thoughtlessly or upon hasty impulse. Even those who doubted most, shrank from

hearing the prophecies of evil they felt prone to utter. Men who nourished almost buoyant hopes still hesitated to create a confidence which must be so precarious. While the faint sustained recitative of the priest in the church could be heard, insistent and disturbing like the monotone of a distant insect, and then the sounds of the organ once more, and of singing, fell upon the sunlit green, the horsemen spoke cautiously about the hounds. Even before Lord Porlock's death, things had not been what they should have been. The pack was even then, as one might say, falling between two stools. The Torrs hadn't the money to keep the thing up properly themselves, but they showed their teeth savagely the minute mention was made of getting in some outside help. But since Porlock's death—well, the condition of affairs had been too painful for words. The horsemen shook their heads in dumb eloquence upon this tragic interval. The Kennels had lapsed into a state hardly to be thought of, much less discussed. There had been no puppy-walk. Were there any young dogs at all? And, just heavens! if there were, what must they be like!

And yet the country-side, outraged as it felt itself to be in its finest feelings, beheld itself helpless. The old Duke—but really this was not just the time and place for saying what they felt about the old Duke. They glanced uneasily toward the church when this theme suggested itself, and nodded with meaning to one another. It could be taken for granted that there were no illusions among them concerning him. But what about the new man? Eyes brightened, lips quivered in beseeching inquiry, at the mention of this omnipotent stranger. What was he like? Had anybody heard anything that Welldon had said about him? It seemed that he was French-bred, and that, considered by itself, might easily involve the worst. But then, was there not a story that he had ridden to the hounds in Derbyshire? Perhaps the younger generation of Frenchmen were better fellows than their fathers—but then, there was the reported fact that the Duke of Orleans fell off his horse and broke his leg whenever he tried to ride. Sir George had been informed in Paris that he would have been King of France by this

time if he had been able to stick in a saddle. Yet, when one thought of it, did not this very fact indicate a fine new public sentiment in France, on the subject of horsemanship—and perhaps even of sport in general?

Christian, at the door of the church, had thought most of clenching his teeth, and straining his upper-arms against his sides, to keep from trembling. He had not pictured himself, beforehand, as entering this burial-place of his ancestors alone. Yet, in the churchyard, that was how the matter arranged itself. His first idea had been to lead, with Kathleen on his arm—but she had said her place was with Emanuel instead. Then the alternative of walking arm-in-arm with Lord Julius had seemed to him even more appropriate—but this too, in the confused constraint of the moment, had gone wrong. Stealing an anxious half-glance over his shoulder, he discovered that Lord Julius had placed himself at Kathleen's other side. The slight gesture of appealing invitation which he ventured upon did not catch the old man's eye. There was nothing for it but to stand alone.

To be the strange, unsupported central figure in such a pageant unnerved him. He stood tremulously behind the pall—a burden draped with a great purple embroidered cloth, and borne upon the shoulders of eight peasant-laborers from the estate—and noted fleetingly that, so stunted and mean of stature were these poor hinds, he looked with ease above them, over their load, into the faces of the two priests advancing down the walk toward him.

These parsons, an elderly dark man with a red hood folded upon his shoulders, and a thin-faced fair young man, seemed to return the gaze with meaning. He caught himself feeling that their eyes deferred to him; yes, if they had bowed to the ground, the effect of their abasement before him could not have been more palpable. Looking perfunctorily across the chasm of death, their glances sought to make interest with the living. He hated them both on the instant. As they wheeled, and by their measured steps forward, drew slowly in their wake the bearers of the pall, the chant of the elder—“I am the Resurrection

and the Life”—came vaguely to his ears, and found them hostile.

The interior of the old church—dim, cool, clostral—was larger than Christian had assumed from its outer aspect. Many people were present, crowded close in the pews nearest the door—and strangely enough, it was his perception that these were chiefly women, of some unlabeled class which at least was not his own, that brought to him of a sudden self-command. He followed the bier up the aisle to its resting-place before the rail, took tacit cognizance of the place indicated to him by some man in professional black, and stood aside to let Kathleen pass in before him, all with a restored equanimity in which he was himself much interested. Through the reading of the Psalm and the Epistle he gave but the most vagrant attention to their words. The priests read badly, for one thing; the whining artificiality of their elocution annoyed and repelled him. But still more, his thoughts were diverted by the suggestiveness of everything about him.

Especially, the size of the funeral gathering, and of the mounted and wheeled procession, had impressed him. There need be no pretense that affection or esteem for the dead man had brought out, from the sparsely populated country roundabout, this great multitude. Precisely for that reason, it became a majestic fact. The burial of a Duke of Glastonbury had nothing to do with personal qualities or reputation. It was like the passing away of a monarch. People who cared nothing for the individual were stirred and appealed to by the vicissitudes of an institution. Inset upon the walls around him were marble tablets, and more archaic canopies of stone over little carved effigies of kneeling figures; beyond, at the sides of the chancel, he could see the dark, rectangular elevations of the tombs, capped by recumbent mail-clad statues, with here and there a gleam of gilt or scarlet retained from their ancient ornamentation; even as he had walked slowly up the aisle, his downcast eyes had noticed the chiseled heraldry of stones beneath his feet. Everywhere about him was the historic impact of the *Torr*s. Their ashes were here—their banners and shields and tilting-helmets,

their symbolical quarterings of the best arms of the West, their own proudest device of all. Their white bull on the green ground was familiar in England long before the broom-corn of the Angevins had been thought of. The clerky pun on Tor and Taurus was as like as not older than the English language itself. All this made something mightier, more imposing and enduring, than any edifice to be reared by man alone. It was only in part human, this structure of the family. The everlasting hills were a part of it, the dark

had had. The disgust with which he had heard the stupid, violent words from those aged lips revived within him—then changed to wonder. Was it not, after all, the principle of strength which most affected men's minds? There had been discernible in that grandfather of his a certain sort of strength—dull, unintelligent, sinister, half-barbarous, but still strength. Was it not that which had brought forth the two hundred horsemen? And if this one element of strength—yes, you might call it brute strength—were lacking, then would all



Drawn by
B. West Cundinst.

"IS MR. WESTLAND UP?" SAID CHRISTIAN."

ranges of forests, the spirits and legends of the ancient Marches.

"*In the morning it is green, and growth up; but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered,*" droned the young clergyman.

But if man seemed to count for but little in this tremendous, forceful aggregation of tradition and custom, yet again he might be all in all. The tall old man under the purple pall, there—it was easy to think contemptuously of him. Christian recalled in a kind of affrighted musing, that one view of his grandfather that he

the other fine qualities in the world avail to hold the impalpable, intangible combination together?

"*'He shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power.'*" It was the old parson who was reading now. "*'For He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet.'*"

Yes, even in this Protestant religion to which he had passively become committed, force was the real ideal! Christian's wandering mind fastened itself for a moment upon the ensuing words of the lesson, but got nothing from their confusing reiterations.

He lapsed into reverie again, then started abruptly with the sudden perception that everybody in the church behind him must be looking at him. In the pew immediately behind, there would be Captain Edward and his wife, and Augustine; in the one behind that Lady Cressage, Lord Chobham and his son; beyond them scores and scores of others seated in rows, and then a throng in the aisle and the doorway—all purporting to think of the dead, but fixing their eyes none the less on the living. And it was not alone in the church, but through the neighborhood, for miles roundabout: when men spoke of the old Duke who was gone, their minds would in truth be dwelling upon the new Duke who was come. A thrill ran through his veins as the words spelled themselves out before his inner vision. The new Duke! He seemed never to have comprehended what it meant before.

No; and till this moment no genuine realization had come to him of this added meaning—this towering superstructure which the message of Julius and Emanuel had reared. It was only now that he hit upon the proper mental focus with which to contemplate this amazing thing. Not only was he a territorial ruler, one of the great nobles of Europe, but he was the master of wealth almost beyond counting as well!

Those nearest to him were rising now, and he, obeying imperative impulses within him, lifted himself proudly to his feet. While the air throbbed with deep-voiced organ notes, in the pause which here ensued, his gaze rested upon the pall before him. There was a sense of transfiguration in the spectacle. The purple mantle became imperial Tyrian to his eyes—and something which was almost tenderness, almost reverence, yearned within him toward that silent, incased figure hidden beneath it. The mystic, omnipotent tie of blood gripped his heart.

With a collected sidelong look he surveyed the profiles of Emanuel and Lord Julius to his left. Theirs were the lineaments of princes. As if he had eyes in the back of his head, he beheld Edward and Augustine, as fancy revealed them standing in the pew

behind him. Tall, slim, athletic, fair—the figures his imagination made of them appealed to the new patriarchal spirit in his heart. Perhaps they were not wholly nice, these young men, but they also were princes, and they were of his race, and no one should persecute them, or spitefully use them.

The uncouth little bearers of the dead had come forward again, and taken up their burden. In a small lady-chapel, extending from the transept at the left, the interment was to take place, and thither Christian now followed the pall, leading the menfolk of his family and the male guests of position who attached themselves to the group. Thus some score of black-clad figures clustered round the oblong opening in the old stone floor, and Christian, standing at its head, glanced impassively over the undefined throng of spectators gathered at the doorway.

“*Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery,*” proclaimed the younger priest, with a sudden outburst of high-pitched, nasal tones which pierced the unexpected ear. “*He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.*”

Christian, watching abstractedly the impersonal wedge of faces at the door, all at once caught his breath in a sharp spasm of bewildered amazement. The little book he had been holding fell from his hands, balanced on its edge for an instant and toppled over into the dark vault below. He seemed unconscious of the incident—but stared fixedly, with parted lips and astonished eyes, at the image of something he had seen outside of the chapel. The thing itself had apparently vanished. He perceived vaguely that people were looking at him—and with a determined effort regained control of his face and bearing. The puzzling thought that it might have been an illusion—that perhaps he had seen nothing at all—brought mingled confusion and solace to his mind. He put his hand to the open book which Lord Julius at his side held toward him, and pretended to look at it.

(To be continued.)



A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

I.

NEW YORK, Sept. 7, 1894.

My Dear Miriam:

For you are mine now, all mine, and yet not so much mine as you will be some day —soon, I hope. You can't guess how much bolder I feel now that you are waiting for me. And it won't be so long that you will have to wait either, for I am going to make my way here. There's lots of young fellows come to New York from the country with no better start than I've got, and they've died millionaires. I'm in no hurry to die yet, not before I've got the million, anyway; and I'm going to get it if it can be got honestly and by hard work and by keeping my eyes open. And when I get it I'll have you to help me spend it.

I came here all right last night, and this morning

I went down to the store with your father's letter. It's an immense big building Fassiter, Smith & Kiddie keep store in. Mr. Kiddie was busy when I asked for him but he saw me at last and he said anybody recommended by your father was sure to be just the sort of

clerk they wanted. So he turned me over to one of his assistants and he set me to work at once. As I've come from the country, he said, and know what country people want, he's put me in the department where the storekeepers get their supplies. It isn't easy to get the hang of the work, there's so much noise and confusion; but when we quit at six o'clock he said he thought I'd do. When night came I was most beat out, I don't mind telling you. It was the noise mostly, I think. I've never minded noise before, but here it is all around you all the time and you can't get away from it. Nights it isn't so bad, but it's bad enough even then. And there isn't a let-up all day. It seems as though it kept getting worse and worse; and at one time I thought there was a storm coming or something had happened. But it wasn't anything but the

regular roar they have here every day, and none of the New Yorkers noticed it, so I suppose I shall get wonted to it sooner or later.

The crowd is most as bad as the noise. Of course, I wasn't green enough to think that there must be a circus in town, but I



Drawn by Frank O. Small.

"WHAT THEY CALL THE FRONT HALL BEDROOM."

came near it. Even on the side streets here there's as many people all day long as there is in Auburnvale on Main Street when the parade starts—and more, too. And they say it is just the same every day—and even at night it don't thin out much. At supper this evening I saw a piece in the paper saying that summer was nearly over and people would soon be coming back to town. I don't know where the town is going to put them, if they do come, for it seems to me about as full now as it will hold. How they can spend so much time in the street, too, that puzzles me. My feet were tired out before I had been downtown an hour. Life is harder in the city than it is in the country, I see that already. I guess it uses up men pretty quick, and I'm glad I'm strong.

But then I've got something to keep me up to the mark; I've got a little girl up in Auburnvale who is waiting for me to make my way. If I needed to be hearted up, that would do it. I've only got to shut my eyes tight and I can see you as you stood by the door of the schoolhouse yesterday as the cars went by. I can see you standing there, so graceful and delicate, waving your hand to me, and making believe you weren't crying. I know you are ever so much too good for me; but I know too that if hard work will deserve you, I shall put in that, anyhow.

It is getting late now and I must go out and post this. I wish I could fold you in my arms again as I did night before last. But it won't be long before I'll come back to Auburnvale and carry you away with me.

Your own

JACK.

II.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16, 1894.

Dearest Miriam:

I would have written two or three days ago but when I've had supper I'm too tired to think even. It isn't the work at the store, either. I'm getting on all right there, and I see how I can make myself useful already. I haven't been living in Auburnvale all these years with my eyes shut, and I've got an idea or two that I'm going to turn to account. No, it's just the city itself that's so tiring. It's the tramp, tramp, tramp of the people all the

time, day and night, never stopping. And they are all so busy always. They go tearing through the streets with their faces set, just as if they didn't know anybody. And sometimes their mouths are working, as if they were thinking aloud. They don't waste any time; they are everlastingly doing something. For instance, I've an hour's nooning; and I go out and get my dinner in a little eating-house near the rear of our store—ten cents for a plate of roast beef; pretty thin the cut is, but the flavor is all right. Well, they read papers while they are having their dinner. They read papers in the cars coming down in the morning and they read papers in the car going up at night. They don't seem to take any rest. Sometimes I don't believe they sleep nights. And if they do, I don't see how they can help walking in their sleep.

I couldn't sleep myself first off, but I'm getting to now. It was the pressure of the place, the bigness of it, and the roar all round me. I'd wake up with a start, and tired as I was, sometimes I wouldn't get to sleep again for half an hour.

I've given up the place I boarded when I first come and I've got a room all to myself in a side street just off Fourth Avenue, between Union Square and the depot. It's a little bit of a house, only fifteen feet wide, I guess. It's two stories and a half, and I've got what they call the front hall-bedroom on the top floor. It's teeny, but it's clean and it's comfortable. It's quiet, too. The lady who keeps the house is a widow. Her husband was killed in the war, at Gettysburg, and she's got a pension. She's only one daughter and no son, so she takes three of us young fellows to board. And I think I am going to like it.

Of course, I don't want to spend any more than I have to, for I've got to have some money saved up, if I ever expect to do anything for myself. And the sooner I can get started, the sooner I can come back and carry away Miriam Chace—Miriam Forthright, as she will be then.

It seems a long way off, sometimes, and I don't know that it wouldn't be better to give up the idea of ever being very rich. Then we could be married just as soon as I get a raise, which I'm hoping for by New

Year's, if I can show them that I am worth it. But I'd like to be rich for your sake, Miriam—very rich, so that you could have everything you want, and more too!

Your loving

JACK.

III.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24, 1894.

My Dear Miriam:

I'm glad you don't want me to give up before I get to the top. I can't see why I shouldn't succeed just as well as anybody else. You needn't think I'm weakening either. I guess I was longing for you when I wrote that about being satisfied with what I'll have if I get my raise.

But what do you want to know about the people in this house for? The landlady's name is Janeway and she's sixty or seventy, I don't know which. As for the daughter you're so curious about, I don't see her much. Her name's Sally—at least that's what her mother calls her. And I guess she's forty if she's a day. She don't pretty much, either. Her hair is sort of sandy and I don't know what color eyes she has. I never knew you to take such an interest in folks before.

You ask me how I like the people here—I suppose you mean the New Yorkers generally. Well, I guess I shall get to like them in time. They ain't as stuck up as you'd think. That sassy way of theirs don't mean anything half the time. They just mind their own business and they haven't got time for anything else. They don't worry their heads about anybody. If you can keep up with the procession, that's all right; and they're glad to see you. If you drop out or get run over, that's all right, too; and they don't think of you again.

That's one thing I've found out already. A man's let alone in a big city—ever so much more than he is in a village. There isn't anybody watching him here; and his neighbors don't know whether it's baker's bread his wife buys or what. Fact is, in a big city a man hasn't any neighbors. He knows the boys in the store, but he don't know the man who lives next door. That's an extraordinary thing to say, isn't it? I've been in this house here for a fortnight and I don't even know the names of the

folks living opposite. I don't know them by sight and they don't know me. The man who sleeps in the next house on the other side of the wall from me—he's got a bad cold, for I can hear him cough, but that's all I know about him. And he don't know me either. We may be getting our dinners together every day downtown and we'll never find out except by accident that we sleep side by side with only a brick or two between us. It's thinking of things like that that comes pretty near making me feel lonely sometimes; and I won't deny that there's many a night when I've wished I had only to go down street to see the welcome light of your father's lamp—and to find Somebody Else who was glad to see me, even if she did sometimes fire up and make it hot for me just because I'd been polite to some other girl.

If you were only here you'd have such lots of sharp things to say about the sights, for there's always something going on here. Broadway beats the circus hollow. New York itself is the Greatest Show on Earth. You'd admire to see the men, all handsomed up, just as if they were going to meeting; and you'd find lots of remarks to pass about the women, dressed up like summer boarders all the time. And of course they are summer boarders really—New York is where the summer boarders come from. When they are up in Auburnvale they call us the Natives—down here they call us Jays. Every now and then on the street here I come across some face I seem to recognize and when I trace it up I find it's some summer boarder that's been up in Auburnvale. Yesterday, for instance, in the car I sat opposite a girl I knew I'd seen somewhere—a tall, handsome girl with rich golden hair. Well, I believe it was that Miss Stanwood that boarded at Taylor's last June—you know, the one you used to call the Gilt-Edged Girl.

But the people here don't faze me any more. I'm going in strong; and I guess I'll come out on top one of these fine days. And then I'll come back to Auburnvale and I'll meet a brown-haired girl with dark-brown eyes—and I'll meet her in church and her father will marry us! Then we'll go away in the parlor car to be New Yorkers for the rest of our lives and to leave the Natives way behind us.

I don't know but it's thinking of that little girl with the dark-brown eyes that makes me lonelier sometimes. Here's my love to her. Your own

JACK.

IV.

NEW YORK, October 7, 1894.

Dear Miriam:

You mustn't think that I'm lonely every day. I haven't time to be lonely generally. It's only now and then nights that I feel as if I'd like to have somebody to talk to about old times. But I don't understand what you mean about this Miss Stanwood. I didn't speak to her in the car that day, and I haven't seen her since. You forget that I don't know her except by sight. It was you who used to tell me about the Gilt-Edged Girl, and her fine clothes and her city ways, and all that.

This last week I've been going to the Young Men's Christian Association, where there's a fine library and a big reading-room with all sorts of papers and magazines—I never knew there were so many before. It's going to be a great convenience to me, that reading-room is, and I shall try to improve myself with the advantages I can get there. But whenever I've read anything in a magazine that's at all good, then I want to talk it over with you as we used to do. You know so much more about books and history than I do and you always make me see the fine side of things. I'm afraid my appreciation of the ideal needs to be cultivated. But you are a good enough ideal for me; I found that out ages ago and it didn't take me so very long either. You weren't meant to teach school every winter; and it won't be so very many winters before you will be down here in New York keeping house for a junior partner in Fassiter, Smith & Kiddle—or some firm just as big.

I can write that way to you, Miriam, but I couldn't say anything like that down at the store. It isn't that they'd jeer at me, though they would, of course—because most of them haven't any ambition and just spend their money on their backs, or on the races, or anyhow. No, I haven't the confidence these New Yorkers have. Why, I whisper to the car conductors to

let me off at the corner and I do it as quietly as I can, for I don't want them all looking at me. But a man who was brought up in the city, he just glances up from his paper and says "Twenty-third!" And probably nobody takes any notice of him, except the conductor. I wonder if I'll ever be so at home here as they are.

Even the children are different here. They have the same easy confidence, as though they'd seen everything there was to see long before they were born. But they look worn too, and restless, for all they take things so easy.

You ask if I've joined a church yet. Well, I haven't. I can't seem to make up my mind. I've been going twice every Sunday to hear different preachers. There's none of them with the force of your father—none of them as powerful as he is either in prayer or in preaching. I'm going to Dr. Thurston's next Sunday; he's got some of the richest men in town in his congregation.

There must be rich men in all the churches I've been to, for they've got stained-glass windows, and singers from the opera, they say, at some of them. I haven't heard anybody sing yet whose voice is as sweet as a little girl's I know—a little bit of a girl who plays the organ and teaches in Sunday-school—and who doesn't know how much I love her.

JACK.

V.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14, 1894.

Dear Miriam:

Yes, it is a great comfort to me always to get your bright letters, so full of hope and love and strength. You are grit, clear through, and I'm not half good enough for you. Your last letter came Saturday night and that's when I like to get them, for Sunday is the only day I have time to be lonely.

I go to church in the forenoon and in the evening again; in the afternoon I've been going up to Central Park. There's a piece of woods there they call the Ramble and I've found a seat on a cobble up over the pond. The trees are not very thrifty but they help me to make believe I am back in Auburnvale.



Drawn by Frank O. Small.

"THE REHEARSAL OF THE CHOIR WAS VERY AMUSING."

Sometimes I go into the big Museum there is in the Park, not a museum of curiosities, but full of pictures and statuary, ever so old some of it, and very peculiar. Then I wish for you more than ever, for that's the sort of thing you'd be interested in and know all about.

Last Sunday night I went to Dr. Thurston's church and I thought of you as soon as the music began. I remember you said you did wish you were an organist in a Gothic church where they had a pipe organ. Well, the organ at Dr. Thurston's would just suit you, it's so big and deep and fine. And you'd like the singing too; it's a quartet, and the tenor is a German who came from the Berlin opera; they say he gets three thousand dollars a year just for singing on Sunday.

But I suppose it pays them to have good voices like his, for the church was crowded and even if some of the congregation came for the music, they had to listen to Dr. Thurston's sermon afterward. And it was a very good sermon indeed—almost as good as one of your father's, practical and chock-full of common sense. And Dr. Thurston isn't afraid of talking right out in meeting either. He was speaking of wealth and he said it had to be paid for just like anything else, and that many a man buys his fortune at too high a price, especially if he sacrifices for it either health or character. And just in front of him sat old Ezra Pierce, one of the richest men in the city and one of the most unscrupulous, so they say. He's worth ten or twenty millions at least; I was up in the gallery and he was in the pew just under me, so I had a good look at him. I wonder how it must feel to be as rich as all that.

And who do you suppose was in the pew just across the aisle from old Pierce? Nobody but the Gilt-Edged Girl, as you call her, that Miss Stanwood. So you see it's a small world even in a big city, and we keep meeting the same people over and over again.

I rather think I shall go to Dr. Thurston's regularly now. I like to belong to a church and not feel like a tramp every Sunday morning. Dr. Thurston is the most attractive preacher I've heard yet, and the music there is beautiful.

I don't suppose I shall ever be as rich as

old Ezra Pierce, although I don't see why not, but if ever I am really rich I'll have a big house, with a great big Gothic music room, with a pipe organ built in one end of it. I guess I could get some one to play on it for me when I come home evenings tired out with making money downtown. I wonder if she guesses how much I love her?

JACK.

VI.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28, 1894.

Dear Miriam:

Your account of the rehearsal of the choir was very amusing. I'm glad you are having such a good time. But then you always could make a good story out of anything. You must have had a hard job managing the choir, and smoothing them down, and making them swallow their little jealousies. I wish I had half your tact. I can sell a man a bill of goods now about as well as any of the clerks in the store; but if I could rub them down gently as you handle the soprano and the contralto, I'd be taken into the firm inside of two years.

And I never wished for your tact and your skill in handling children more than I did last Sunday. I wrote you I'd made up my mind to go to Dr. Thurston's and last Sunday he called for teachers for the Sunday-school. So I went up and they gave me a class of street boys, Italians some of them, and Swedes. They're a tough lot and I guess that some of them are going to drop by the wayside after the Christmas tree. I had hard work to keep order, but I made them understand who was the master before I got through. All the English they know they picked up from the gutter, I should say; and yet they want books to take home. So I told them if they behaved themselves all through the hour I'd go to the library with them to pick out a book for each of them. They don't call it a book either—they say, "Give me a good library, please."

And what do you suppose happened when I took them all up to the library desk? Well, I found that the librarian was the tall girl you call the Gilt-Edged. It is funny how I keep meeting her, isn't it? I was quite confused at first; but of

course she didn't know me and she couldn't guess that you used to make fun of her. So she was just business-like and helped me to pick out the books for the boys.

Considering the hard times, we have been doing a big business down at the store. Two or three nights a week now, I've had to stay down till ten. We get extra for this and I don't mind the work. By degrees I'm getting an insight into the business. But there isn't any short cut to a fortune that I can see. There's lot of hard work before me and lots of waiting, too—and it's the waiting for you I mind the most.

JACK.

VII.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4, 1894.

Dear Miriam:

I was beginning to wonder what the matter was when I didn't have a letter for a week and more. And now your letter has come, I don't quite make it out. You write only a page and a half; and the most of that is taken up with asking about Miss Stanwood.

Yes, I see her Sundays, of course, and she is always very pleasant. Indeed, I can't guess what it is that you have against her or why it is you are always picking at her. I feel sure that she doesn't dye her hair, but I will look at the roots as you suggest and see if it's the same color there. Her name is Hester—I've seen her write it in the library cards. Her father is very rich, they say—at least he's president of a railroad somewhere down South.

She strikes me as a sensible girl and I think you would like her if you knew her. She has helped me to get the right kind of books into the hands of the little Italians and other foreigners I have to teach. Most Sunday-school books are very mushy, I think, and I don't believe it's a healthy moral when the good boy dies young. Miss Stanwood says that sometimes when one of my scholars takes home a book it is read by every member of the family who knows how to read and they all talk it over. So it's very important to give them books that will help to make good Americans of them. She got her father to buy a lot of copies of lives of Washington and Franklin and

Lincoln. They are not specially religious, these books, but what of it? Miss Stanwood says she thinks we must all try first of all to make men of these rough boys, to make them manly, and then they'll be worthy to be Christians. She is thinking not only of the boys themselves, but of the parents too, and of the rest of the family; and she says that a little leaven of patriotism suggested by one of these books may work wonders. But you are quite right in saying that I'm not as lonely as I was a month ago. Of course not, for I'm getting used to the bigness of the place and the noise no longer wears on me. Besides I've found out that the New Yorkers are perfectly willing to be friendly. They'll meet you half-way always, not only in the church but even downtown too. I ain't afraid of them any more, and I can tell a conductor to let me out at the corner now without wishing to go through the floor of the car. Fact is, I've found out how little importance I am. Up at Auburnvale people knew me; I was old John Forthright's only son; I was an individual. Here in New York I'm nobody at all, and everybody is perfectly willing to let me alone. I think I like it better here; and before I get through I'll force these New Yorkers to know me when they see me in the street—just as they touch each other now and whisper when they pass old Ezra Pierce.

Write soon and tell me there's nothing the matter with you. I'm all right and I'd send you my love—but you got it all already.

JACK.

VIII.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16, 1894.

Dear Miriam:

I asked you to write me soon and yet you've kept me waiting ten days again. Even now your letter has come I can't seem to get any satisfaction out of it. I have never known you to write so stiffly. Is there anything the matter? Are you worried at home? Is your mother sick or your father?

I wish I could get away for a week at Thanksgiving to run up and see you. But we are kept pretty busy at the store. There isn't one of the firm hasn't got his

nose down to the grindstone and that's where they keep ours. That's how they've made their money; it's all good training for me, of course.

All the same I'd like to be with you this Thanksgiving, even if it isn't as beautiful a day as last Thanksgiving was. I don't know when I've enjoyed a dinner as I did your mother's that night, but I guess it wasn't the turkey I liked so much or the pumpkin pie, but the welcome I got and the sight of the girl who sat opposite to me and who wouldn't tell me what she had wished for when we pulled the wish-bone. I think it was only that morning in church when I looked across and saw you at the organ that I found out I had been in love with you for a long while. You were so graceful as you sat there and the sunlight came down on your beautiful brown hair, that I wanted to get up and go over on the spot and tell you I loved you. Then at dinner your fiery eyes seemed to burn right into me, and I wondered if you could see into my heart that was just full of love of you.

It is curious, isn't it, that I didn't get a chance to tell you all these things for nearly six months? I don't know how it was, but first one thing and then another made me put off asking you. I was afraid too. I dreaded to have you say you didn't care for me. And you were always so independent with me. I couldn't guess what your real feelings were. Then came that day in June when I mustered up courage at last! Since then I've been a different man—a better man, I hope, too.

But I don't know why I should write you this way in answer to a letter of yours that was too short almost to be worth the postage!

JACK.

IX.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2, 1894.

Dear Miriam:

You don't know how much good it did me to get your long letter last week. You wrote just like your old self—just like the dear little girl you are! I was beginning to wonder what had come over you. I thought you had changed somehow, and I couldn't understand it.

Of course, I wished I was in Auburnvale

on Thanksgiving. I'd like to have seen you sitting in the seats and singing with your whole soul; and I'd have liked to hear your father preach one of his real inspiring sermons that lift up the heart of man.

To be all alone here in New York was desolate—and then it rained all the afternoon, too. It didn't seem a bit like a real Thanksgiving.

I went to church, of course, but I didn't think Dr. Thurston rose to the occasion. He didn't tell us the reasons why we ought to be grateful as strongly as your father did last year.

Coming out of church it had just begun to rain and so there was a crowd around the doors. As I was just at the foot of the stairs I tripped over Miss Stanwood's dress. I tell you it made me uncomfortable when I heard it tear. But these New York girls have the pleasantest manners. She didn't even frown. She smiled and introduced me to her father, who seemed like a nice old gentleman. He was very friendly, too, and we stood there chatting for quite a while until the crowd thinned out.

He said that if I really wanted to understand some of the Sunday-school lessons I ought to go to the Holy Land, since there are lots of things there that haven't changed in two thousand years. He's been there and so has his daughter. He brought back ever so many photographs and he's asked me to drop in some evening and look at them, as it may help me in making the boys see things clearly. It was very kind of him, wasn't it? I think I shall go up some night next week.

I've been here nearly three months now and Mr. Stanwood's will be the first private house I shall have been to—and in Auburnvale I knew everybody and every door was open to me. I feel it will be a real privilege to see what the house of a rich man like Mr. Stanwood is like. I'll write you all about it.

And some day I'll buy you a house just as fine as his. That some day seems a long way off, sometimes, don't it?

JACK.

X.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4, 1894.

Dear Miriam:

You have never before answered so



Drawn by F. O. Small.

"THE GILT-EDGED GIRL."

promptly and so I write back the very day I get your letter.

I begin by saying I don't understand it—or at least I don't want to understand it. You ask me not to accept Mr. Stanwood's invitation. Now that's perfectly ridiculous, and you know it is. Why shouldn't I go to Mr. Stanwood's house, if he asks me? He's a rich man, and very influential, and has lots of friends. He's just the kind of man it's very useful for me to know. You ought to be able to see that. I've got to take advantage of every chance I get. If I ever start in business for myself, it will be very helpful if I could find a man like Mr. Stanwood who might be willing to put in money as a special partner.

Fact is, I'm afraid you are jealous. That's what I don't like to think. But it seems to me I can see in your letter just the kind of temper you were in last Fourth of July when I happened to get in conversation with Kitty Parsons. Your eyes flashed then and there was a burning red spot on your cheeks and I thought I'd never seen you look so pretty. But I knew you hadn't any right to be mad clear through. And you were then, as you are now. I hadn't done anything wrong then, and I'm not going to do anything wrong now. Jealousy is absurd, anyhow, and it's doubly absurd in this case! You know how much I love you—or you ought to know it. And you ought to know that a rich man like Mr. Stanwood isn't going to ask a clerk in Fassiter, Smith & Kiddle's up to his house just on purpose to catch a husband for his daughter.

I guess I've got a pretty good opinion of myself. You told me once I was dreadfully stuck up—it was the same Fourth of July you said it, too. But I'm not conceited enough to think that a New York girl like Miss Stanwood would ever look at me. I don't trot in her class. And a railroad president isn't so hard up for a son-in-law that he has to pick one up on the church steps. So you needn't be alarmed about me.

But if it worries you, I'll go some night this week and get it over. Then I'll write you all about it. I guess there's lots of things in Mr. Stanwood's house you would like to see.

So sit down and write me a nice letter

soon, and get over this jealousy as quick as you can. It isn't worthy of the little girl I love so much.

Your only

JACK.

XI.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9, 1894.

Dear Miriam:

I haven't had a line from you since I wrote you last, but according to promise I write at once to tell you about my visit to the Stanwoods.

I went there last night. They live on the top of Murray Hill, just off Madison Avenue. It's a fine house, what they call a four-story, high-stoop, brown-stone mansion. The door was opened by a man in a swallow-tail coat and he showed me into the sitting-room, saying they hadn't quite finished dinner yet—and it was almost eight o'clock! That shows you how different things are here in New York, don't it? The sitting-room was very handsome, with satin furniture, and hand-painted pictures on the walls, and a blazing soft-coal fire. There were magazines and books on the center-table, some of them in French.

In about ten minutes they came in, Mr. Stanwood and his daughter; and they begged my pardon for keeping me waiting. Then Mr. Stanwood said he was sorry but he had to attend a committee meeting at the club. Of course, I was for going too, but he said to Hester—that's Miss Stanwood's name, pretty, isn't it?—she'd show me the photographs. So he stayed a little while and made me feel at home and then he went.

He's a widower and his daughter keeps house for him; but I guess housekeeping's pretty easy, if you've got lots of money and don't care how fast you spend it. I felt a little awkward, I don't mind telling you, in that fine room, but Miss Stanwood never let on if she saw it, and I guess she did, for she's pretty sharp, too. She sent for the photographs and she gave me a wholly new idea of the Holy Land; and she told me lots of things about their travels abroad. When you called her the Gilt-Edged Girl, I suppose you thought she was stiff and stuck up. But she isn't—not a bit. She's bright, too, and she was very

funny the way she took off the people they'd met on the other side. She isn't as good a mimic as you, perhaps, but she can be very amusing. She's very well educated, I must say; she's read everything and she's been everywhere. In London two years ago she was presented to the Queen—it was the Princess of Wales, really, but she stood for the Queen—and she isn't set up about it either.

So I had an enjoyable evening in spite of my being so uncomfortable; and when Mr. Stanwood came back and I got up to go he asked me to come again.

Now I've told you everything as I said I would, so that you can judge for yourself how fortunate I am in having made friends in a house like Mr. Stanwood's. You can't help seeing that, I'm sure. JACK.

XII.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18, 1894.

My Dear Miriam:

What is the matter with you? What have I done to offend you? You keep me waiting ten days for a letter and then when it comes it's only four lines and it's cold and curt; and there isn't a word of love in it.

If it means you are getting tired of me and want to break off, say so right out, and I'll drop everything and go up to Auburnvale on the first train and make love to you all over again and just insist on your marrying me. You needn't think I've changed. Distance don't make any difference to me. If anybody's changed it's you. I'm just the same. I love you as much as ever I did; more too, I guess. Why, what would I have to look forward to in life, if I didn't have you?

Now, I simply can't stand the way you have been treating me.

First off I thought you might be jealous, but I knew I couldn't give you any cause for that, so I saw that wasn't it. The only thing I can think of is that separation is a strain on you. I know it is on me, but I felt I just had to stand it. And if I could stand it when what I wanted was you, well, I guessed you could stand it when all you had to do without was me.

Now, I tell you what I'll do, if you say so. I'll drop everything here and give up

trying. What's the use of a fortune to me if I don't have you to share it with me? Of course, I'd like to be rich some day, but that's because I want you to have money and to hold your own with the best of them. Now, you just say the word and I'll quit. I'll throw up my job with Fassiter, Smith & Kiddle, though they are going to give me a raise at New Year's. Mr. Smith told me yesterday. I'll quit and I'll go back to Auburnvale for the rest of my life. I don't care if it is only a little country village—you live in it and that's enough for me. I'll clerk in the store, if I can get the job there, or I'll farm it, or I'll do anything you say. Only you must tell me plainly what it is you want. What I want most in the world is you! JACK.

XIII.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1895.

Dearest Miriam:

That was a sweet letter you wrote me Christmas—just the kind of letter I hope you will always write.

And so you have decided that I'm to stay here and work hard and make a fortune and you will wait for me and you won't be cold to me again. That's the way I thought you would decide; and I guess it's the decision that's best for both of us.

What sets me up too is your saying you may be able to come down here for a little visit. Come as soon as you can. If the friend you're going to stay with is really living up at One Hundredth Street, she's a long way off, but that won't prevent my getting up to see you as often as I can.

I shall like to show you the town and take you to see the interesting places. It will amuse me to watch the way you take things here. You'll find out that Auburnvale is a pretty small place, after you've seen New York.

Of course you'll come to Dr. Thurston's on Sunday with me. I wonder if you wouldn't like to help in the Sunday-school library while you are in town? Mr. Stanwood's going down to Florida to see about his railroad there and he's to take his daughter with him, so there's nobody to give out books on Sunday.

But no matter about that, so long as you come soon. You know who will be wait-

ing for you on the platform, trying to get a sight of you again after all these months.

JACK.

XIV.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22, 1895.

Dear Miriam:

Do be reasonable! That's all I ask. Don't get excited about nothing! I confess I don't understand you at all. I've heard of women carrying on this way, but I thought *you* had more sense! You can't think how you distress me.

After a long month in town here, when I'd seen you as often as I could and three or four times a week most always, suddenly you break out as you did yesterday after church; and then when I go to see you this evening, you've packed up and gone home.

Now, what had I done wrong yesterday? I can't see. After Sunday-school you were in the library and Miss Stanwood came in unexpectedly, just back from Florida. I introduced you to her and she was very pleasant indeed. She wouldn't have been if she'd known how you made fun of her, and called her the Gilt-Edged and all that—but then she didn't know. She was very friendly to you and said she hoped you were to be in town all winter, since Auburnvale must be so very dull. Well, it is dull, and you know it, so you needn't have taken offense at that. Then she said the superintendent had asked her to get up a show for the Sunday-school—a sort of magic lantern exhibition of those photographs of the Holy Land, and she wanted to know if I wouldn't help her. Of course, I said I would, and then you said the library was very hot and wouldn't I come out at once.

And when we got out on the street, you forbid my having anything to do with the show. Now, that's what I call unreasonable; and I'm sure you will say so too, when you've had time to think it over. And why have you run away, so that I can't talk things over with you quietly and calmly?

JACK.

XV.

NEW YORK, March 3, 1895.

My dear Miriam:

Your letter is simply absurd. You say

you "don't believe in that Miss Stanwood," and you want me to promise never to speak to her again. Now, you can't mean that. It is too ridiculous. I confess you puzzle me more and more. I don't pretend to understand women, but you go beyond anything I ever heard of. What you ask is unworthy of you; it's unworthy of me. It's more—it's unchristian.

But I'll do what I can to please you. Since you have taken such a violent dislike to Miss Stanwood, I'll agree not to go to her house again—although that will be very awkward if Mr. Stanwood asks me, won't it? However, I suppose I can trump up some excuse. I'll agree not to go to her house, I say; but, of course, I've got to be polite to her when I meet her in the Sunday-school, that is, unless you want me to give up Sunday-school too! And I've got to help in the show for the boys and girls. To give up now after I've said I would, that would make me feel as mean as pusley. Besides, that show is going to attract a great deal of attention. All the prominent people in the church are going to come to it—people you don't know, of course, but high-steppers, all of them. It wouldn't really be fair to back out now.

Now, that's what I'll do. I'll meet you half-way. Since you seem to have taken such a violent dislike to Miss Stanwood, for no reason at all that I can see—excepting jealousy, and that's out of the question, of course—but since you don't like her, I'll agree not to go to her house again. But I must go on with the photographs and I can't help passing the time of day when I meet her on Sunday in the library.

Will that satisfy you?

JACK.

XVI.

NEW YORK, March 17, 1895.

Dear Miriam:

It's two weeks now since I wrote you in answer to your letter saying you would break off our engagement unless I promised never to speak to Miss Stanwood again—and you have never sent me a line since. You seemed to think I cared for her—but I don't. How could I care for any other girl, loving you as I do? Besides, even if I did care for her, I'd have to get over it now—since she is going to marry an offi-



Drawn by F. O. Small.

"FORBID MY HAVING ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE SHOW."

cer in the navy. The wedding is set for next June and then he takes her with him to Japan. For all you are so jealous of her, I think she is a nice girl and I hope she will be happy.

And I want to be happy too—and I've been miserable ever since I got that letter of yours, so cold and so hard. I don't see how a little bit of a girl like you can hold so much temper! But I love you in spite of it and I don't believe I'd really have you different if I could. So sit right down as soon as you get this and write me a good long letter, forgiving me for all I haven't done and saying you still love me a little bit. You do, don't you, Miriam? And if you do what's the use of our waiting ever so long? Why shouldn't we be married in June too?

I'm getting on splendidly in the store and guess I'll get another raise soon; and even now I have enough for two, if you are willing to start in with a little flat, somewhere up in Harlem. We'd have to

try light housekeeping at first, maybe, and perhaps table-board somewhere. But I don't care what I eat or where I eat if only I can have you sitting at the table with me. Say you will, Miriam dear, say you will! There's no use in our putting it off and putting it off till we've both got gray hair, is there?

JACK.

XVII.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1895.

Dearest Miriam:

You don't know how happy your letter has made me. I felt sure you would get over your tantrums 'sooner or later. Now you are my own little girl again and soon you'll be my own little wife!

But why must we put it off till June? The store closes on Decoration Day, you know, and I guess I can get the firm to let me have a day or two. So make it May 30th, won't you?—and perhaps we can take that trip to Niagara as you said you'd like to.

JACK.



SONNET.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

ABOVE the chaos of impending ills,
Through all the clamor of insistent strife,
Now, while the noise of warring Nations fills
Each throbbing hour with menaces to life,
I hear the voice of Progress!

Strange indeed
The shadowed pathways that lead up to light.
But, as a runner sometimes will recede
That he may so accumulate his might,
Then with a will that needs must be obeyed
Rushes, restless, to his goal with ease;
So the new world seems now to retrograde—
Slips back to war, that it may speed to peace.
And in that backward step it gathers force
For the triumphant finish of its Course.



From a photograph taken for the *New York Herald*.
AT THE INSTANT OF A BATTERY FIRE.

GREAT PROBLEMS IN ORGANIZATION.*

THE MODERN NEWSPAPER IN WAR TIME.

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE.

ALL the energies, vitality, ingenuity, mental and physical strength, of all the newspaper men of this country have been devoted to the war with Spain.

Not less intense than the soldier's desire for victory is the desire of the "force" upon a newspaper that that newspaper shall first tell of the victory and all its details.

To cover the field of possible action in advance, from Manila to Porto Rico;

To place the right men in the right places, selecting the men through intuition;

To secure boats, arrange telegraph facilities;

To get the news into the office first, into the newspaper first, on the street and all over the country first;

To sift the kernel of fact from the mass of rumors;

To exercise discretion and reasonable conservatism without falling behind in the great fight for news priority and supremacy;

To meet the problems of a circulation grown suddenly to be vastly in excess of mechanical facilities;

And—for the weaker newspapers—to meet with limited capital the problem of expense unlimited, to make mental resource replace the hard money sinews of newspaper war reporting:

Such have been a few of the problems presented by this war to American newspaper men, whose profession as now organized has really come into existence since the last war ended.

* "Great Problems in Organization" is intended to be a series of articles from the men most capable of preparing them. Inasmuch as organization is a study which is usually understood only by very successful men, the task of securing such articles presents many difficulties. The first in the series was from the pen of Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury. The second has a war-time flavor and is by a man universally recognized as able in the world of journalism.

TO A NEWSPAPER, AS TO A NATION, WAR IS NO BLESSING.

The usual citizen, kind but not keen, knows as little of the forces that bring him his news each day as of that which through other wires brings his electric light.

This citizen, witnessing the great sale of newspapers in war time, has written to the editor in substance this:

"Since you make such a lot of money out of this war, you ought to do so and so."

It will interest him to learn that, should

Three thousand dollars per day has been the extra cost of gathering war news for the New York "Journal." That sum perhaps represents a maximum. Other newspapers have spent in proportion to their available capital.

For a newspaper, as for a nation, war has no reward save glory. It hurts the commercial end of the newspaper as of the nation—advertisements diminishing—and it adds greatly to the expense.

But every good newspaper in America



From a photograph taken for the New York Herald.
DRYING BLANKETS AND CLOTHES.

a war reported as this has been continue two years, it would bankrupt the resources of every first-class newspaper in New York city. Every newspaper of the first class has run far behind since the outbreak of the war. To one newspaper at least the war has meant an added expense of more than three thousand dollars a day—about a million dollars a year—enough to eliminate all the profits of the most profitable newspaper in America—which at present is undoubtedly the New York "Herald."

was glad of the chance to make a fight for the best news; every one has been glad to make the necessary sacrifices.

As every one has some good reason for feeling proud of its achievements, and as each has undoubtedly at heart a consoling belief that it has been the best, all are quite happy—although poorer.

The newspaper which tells at four in the afternoon here what happened in London at eight o'clock that same night has become as much a matter of course as the



From a photograph taken for the New York Herald.
MARCHING TO THE FRONT.



From a photograph taken for the New York Herald.

AT THE FRONT.

thunder-storm, the rainbow, the X-ray or anything else that has ceased to seem marvelous. Nevertheless, the writer has been convinced by the editor of this magazine that the public will be persuaded to read some plain facts about that particular branch of news-gathering that comes with a war.

HOME OFFICE PREPARATIONS.

For weeks before the declaration every

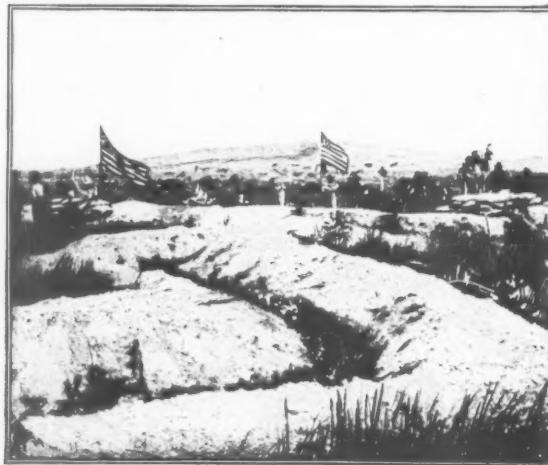
newspaper had felt that war might come. One at least was sure that it would—hoped that it would, and said so.

No newspaper man thought of anything but the war, once its coming was assured.

The first outward sign of newspaper feverishness was a gradual increase in the size of type. The more conservative newspapers began to look as though they recognized important news at sight and the other newspapers grew to be more and more like aggravated circus posters. Before the war was declared the regular sizes of type were no longer satisfactory. Brass type could not be got fast enough in quantities sufficient. Wood type would swell, break in the steam chest and spoil the matrix.

The artists drew the type like any other picture, and it was engraved in any size to suit.

The largest size which won distinct favor made it impossible to use more than five letters in the width of a newspaper page.



From a photograph taken for the New York Herald.

ROUGH RIDERS' INTRENCHMENTS.

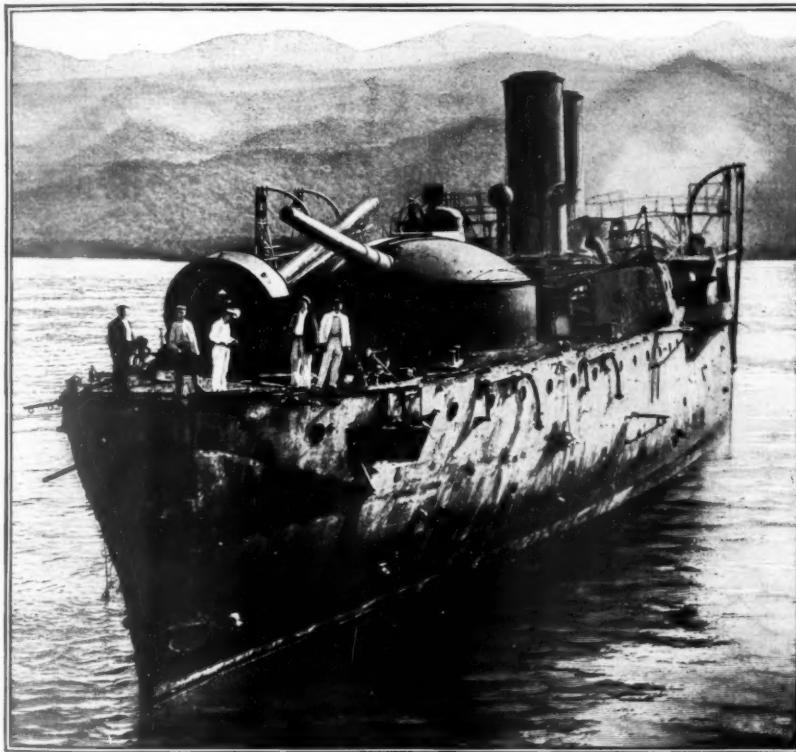
Soon a new genius was in demand—the man who could think of short words with energy and fire in them suitable for the construction of headings.

The fact that there were only three letters in "war" was the greatest blessing. Had we had the French "guerre" or even the German "Krieg" to deal with, we should have been lost.

Before the type size reached its maximum, "War Sure" could be put in one line

utterly from sight or joined the Red Cross. Newspaper rank and station were instantly twisted out of gear.

Every man in every newspaper office announced his intention of going to war, whether or no. Thousands of outside citizens who expected to go to war as soldiers dropped in to say that they would be willing to report the war at the same time. The managing editor bound to select and appoint the men to "cover"



Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.

MR. W. R. HEARST AND PARTY ON THE "VIZCAYA" AFTER THE BATTLE.

Photo, by F. C. Hemment. Taken by W. R. Hearst.

across a page, and it was put in one line and howled through the streets by patriotic newsboys many and many a time. As war was sure, it did no harm.

The brilliant young writer, high in price and haughty in mien, discoverer perhaps of the latest Chimmie Fadden or German Barber or Van Bibber, lost all importance. The fair young female journalist dropped

the war found that he had his hands full.

The smallest office boy—perhaps three feet tall—vowed strange oaths that he would go and carry messages—no Spaniard could catch him—and the sporting editor who had been champion of everything in his line, withal captain of the Yale football team, wept literally because he could not be included in the arrangement.



From a photograph taken for the New York Herald.
BEHIND THE BREASTWORKS.

Mr. Alexander Kenealy, humorous editor of the "World," went, and distinguished himself by landing in Cuba despite opposition; Mr. Acton Davis, dramatic editor of the "Evening Sun," went, and is distinguishing himself to this very day—if he has not yet been shot.

Every beautiful newspaper woman declared that of all mankind she was best adapted to enter Havana in disguise, interview Blanco, get his views on the war and on the enterprise of her newspaper, and return unscathed. Many tears were shed and

much deep, indignant breathing was done by those heroic female reporters because no important newspaper would allow women to risk their lives even for the sake of news-getting.

Simultaneously came the organization of forces in the field and at home. A board of "war copy-readers," ten or a dozen men trained to the work of assistant editorship, met every night around a long table near the desk of the night managing editor. All war "copy" went to this desk and was sorted out, "edited" and allotted its space and location in the paper after due discussion.

The force of the Washington bureau was doubled, then trebled; fifteen or twenty men were not too many at such a time to "cover" properly so important a field of official news.

New wires were put in, not merely to the desk of the editor but in the press-room, where important news went straight from the wire to the rotary press, attached to the plate in "the fudge," to appear on the street printed five minutes after it had been received.

New men were needed in all departments. The "World," the "Journal," and the "Herald" with its "Evening Telegram" ran night and day.



Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.
Photo by J. C. Hemment. Taken by W. R. Hearst.
GENERAL SHAFTER AND STAFF EN ROUTE TO THE FRONT.

New gangs of pressmen, of stereotypers, of engravers, of compositors, of mechanics of all sorts, were put on. Only eight hours a day for each of these, most justly—although there is no limit to the hours of the men who create the paper. Where possible advancement is not limited, there is no reason for limiting work.

The "Evening Journal" issued repeatedly as many as forty editions in a single day; the "Evening World" nearly if not quite as many. Important among the editors' duties was the task of making each separate edition different in appearance from every other; a task not easy.

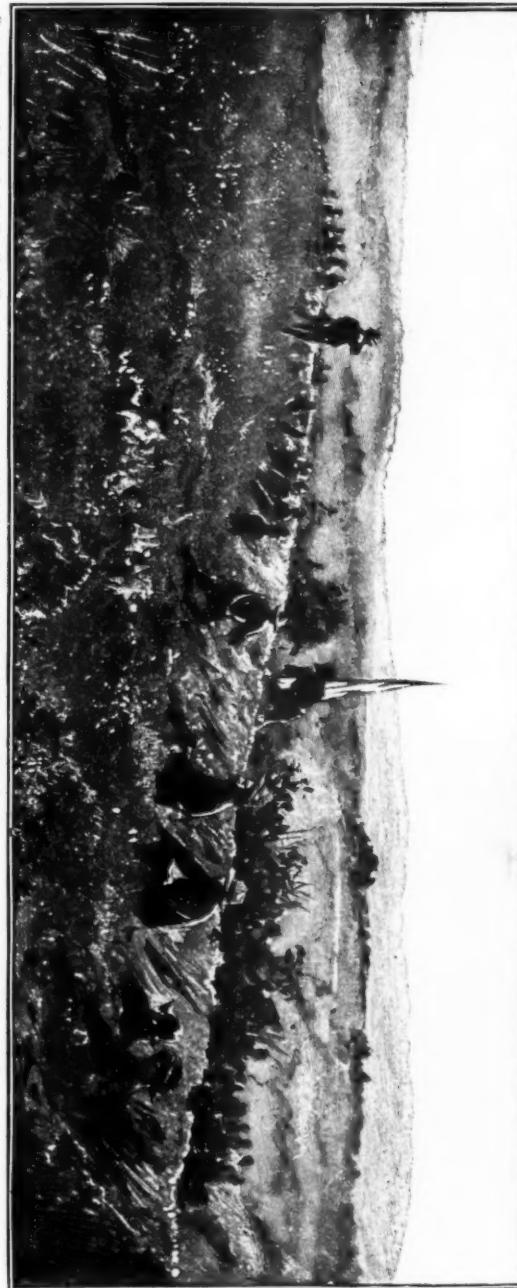
Very important too was the arrangement on a new basis of the distribution of newspapers far from the city. Special train accommodations were necessary. In Buffalo, after the theaters at midnight, New York evening papers sold on the streets by thousands—more than twenty thousand of one newspaper alone.

The best bulletin for the display of the news was to be devised. Not a bulletin of the old school, but a bulletin with special wires, with an orchestra to attract the crowd and a lightning artist to keep the same crowd contented if the work of killing Spaniards progressed too slowly.

Every man in the newspaper office was presently engaged laying his suggestions before the chief editor. One proposed that a first-class camera should be sent to every ship in the American navy—perhaps to the chaplain, who not fighting has time to take a view

From a photograph taken for the New York Herald.

AMERICAN INTRENCHMENTS BEFORE SANTIAGO.





From a photograph taken for the New York Herald.
GRAVES OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

of the situation. The man on the ship who got the camera was informed politely that the newspaper would consider the negative of a good battle-scene worth five hundred dollars if it should reach the home office before any other newspaper got it.

Another man suggested getting an option on a ship in Hong Kong—this before the world began to talk of Dewey. It was done, and it was a good thing to have the ship there when Dewey was heard of. A cote of carrier pigeons was established at a telegraph office near Key West for service on dispatch boats.

A portable balloon was sent to Key West to be taken out on a news yacht, the idea being to send the balloon up from the

yacht fastened by a rope and have a reporter swinging under the balloon watch the ships fighting and report by telephone wire to the man below, with his pigeons ready to be freed. And such are samples of dozens of ideas suggested and accepted. If a thing is new it is good. If it is possible it should be tried, and the other newspapers will do what you neglect. This was the prevailing policy.

ORGANIZATION IN THE FIELD.

The best news reporters must be chosen and sent to the most important points. Which points were the most important must

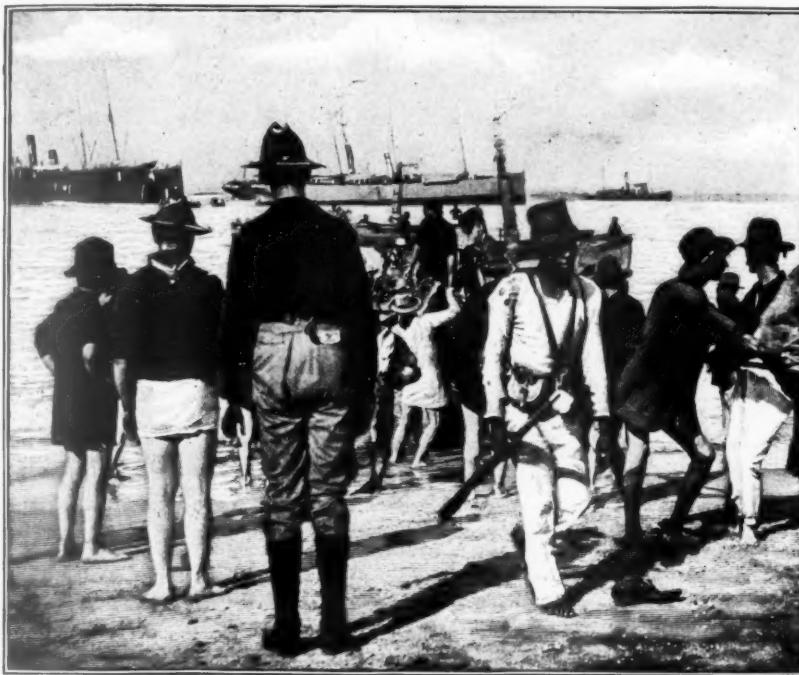


From a photograph taken for the New York Herald.
ONE OF BATTERY "K'S" GUNS.

be carefully debated by all save the rare newspapers able fully to protect all points. The men selected for actual news work



From a photograph taken for the New York Herald.
BATTLE-FIELD WHERE THE ROUGH RIDERS WERE AMBUSHED.

From a photograph taken for the *New York Herald*.

LANDING FROM THE TRANSPORTS.

must be determined, trained, fearless news-getters. There were plenty such in America; a few known to the public, Creelman, Scovel, Bonsal, Davis, with dozens as good whom the public never heard of.

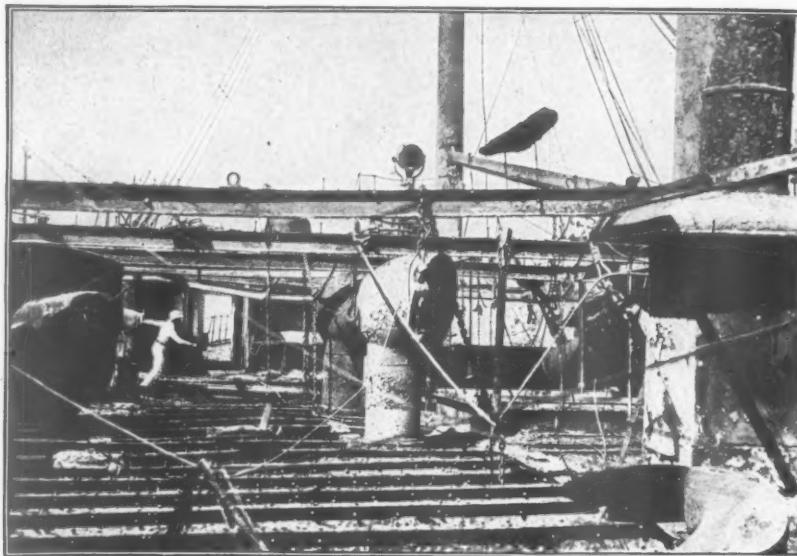
But not mere news alone will do to-day. First, what happened? second, how did it impress this or the other man with a name? Thus comes the problem: What names can you get to add to your news forces?

Fifty, a hundred newspapers cabled to Rudyard Kipling: "Want you to report the war. Will you?" Three or four were able to add to their cable: "How much?

—you can have it, however much." But Kipling would not report this war. He will wait for the English war, to tell his tale of victories. A good idea—unless England happens to fight this nation, in which case he would have to revive Fuzzy Wuzzy on a big scale.

There were other good names and valuable men to please the great public. The "World" got Stephen Crane; the "Herald," Richard Harding Davis, a literary name as well as a good reporter; the "Journal," which first sent Davis to Cuba, got Frederic Remington and Julian Hawthorne. Mightily in demand

From a photograph taken for the *New York Herald*. CARRYING WOUNDED TO THE REAR.



Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.
 Photo by G. C. Hemment. Taken by W. R. Hearst.
UPPER DECK OF THE "MARIA TERESA," SHOWING TWO SIX-INCH GUNS LOADED AND READY TO FIRE BUT ABANDONED BY THE SPANIARDS.

were the great with pen or pencil.

At first—this secret is told for the first time—the editor had little hope of results from the fine names. Each good name was handed over to the care of a trusted reporter to whom was said: "See that this literary (or artistic) celebrity gets near the fighting, see that he works in a hurry. Take what he writes (or draws) away from him and rush it home."

But lo and behold! all the celebrities turned out to be natural-born reporters,

as eager as any to get near the fighting and as quick to get their work ready. That was a blessed revelation for the sad



From a photograph taken for the New York Herald.
AFTER THE BATTLE.

editor whose time and money had been often devoted to buying what was not delivered—the fruit of genius.

With the destruction of the "Maine" the censorship became a factor. Dispatch boats were necessary to carry from Havana news that could no longer be sent by wire.

Then came the blockade of Havana—more dispatch boats and many plans for secret landings on Cuban soil near Havana to inspect the fortifications. The best work of this kind was done by Sylvester Scovel.



From a photograph taken for the New York Herald.
SIGHTING A GUN.



Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.

SECOND ENGINEER BATTALION LANDING TOOLS AT SIBONEY.

Photo, by F. C. Hemment. Taken by W. R. Hearst.

Suddenly Porto Rico became a center of activity. Our fleet started there and newspaper dispatch boats must follow to be present at the bombardment of San Juan.

These things must be foreseen and arranged in advance by the successful news-

paper. No time to coal or provision a ship for the long trip to Porto Rico or St. Thomas after the government starts its fleet. Boats and men must be ready in advance.

St. Thomas, nearest port to San Juan—



From a photograph taken for the New York Herald.

RIFLE-PITS OPPOSITE SPANISH BATTERIES.

not Spanish—is garrisoned with reporters as soon as the war is declared. The Haytian ports are similarly protected.

Santiago replaced Havana as the probable point of a naval battle. Jamaica and Mole St. Nicholas must be supplied with very good men, as news is bound to come in there.

When the army began to organize at Tampa, correspondents of unusual ability were needed ready at any moment to start with the troops, and dispatch boats kept ready to accompany the transports.

"Buccaneer" was given by Mr. Hearst to the government, armed and equipped), the steamers "Amrum," "Baracoa," "Ely," "Sylvia," "Diamante," and the tugboats "Echo," "Simpson" and "Biscayne Bay."

The charter of these boats alone amounted to over fifteen hundred dollars per day.

The item of cable tolls is able alone to chill the ardor of the would-be newspaper-creator. It cost from fifty to eighty cents per word to send press matter from such points as St. Thomas, the Haytian points or Jamaica.



From a photograph by Joseph Byron.

MAKING A LANDING.

THE COST OF REPORTING A WAR.

The reader may have gathered that to report a war thoroughly implies necessarily the command of money in abundance. For the guidance of ambitious capitalists or others, who may think they would like to own and manage "a great newspaper," a few figures may be desirable.

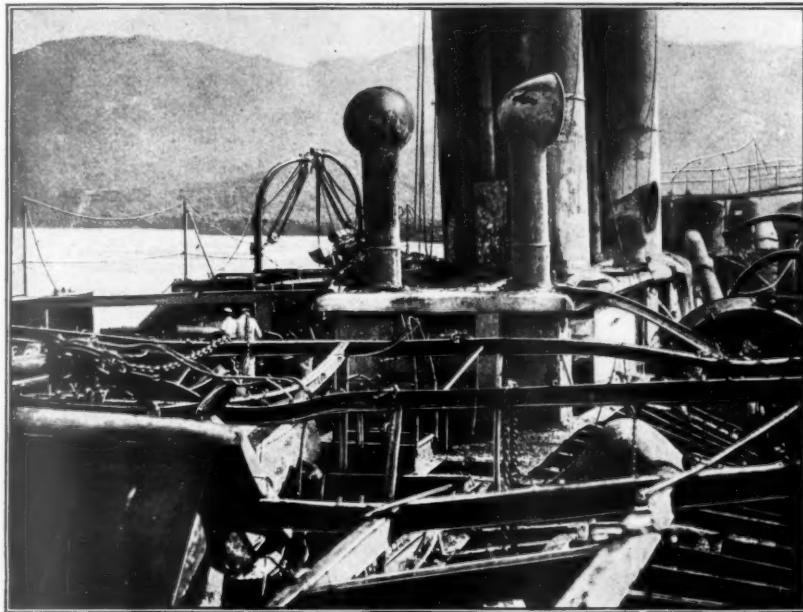
The "Journal"—which probably "covered" this war as completely and elaborately as any other newspaper—had in commission ten sea-going craft, as follows: the yachts "Anita" and "Buccaneer" (the

It cost one dollar and forty-five to one dollar and eighty cents per word for press cables from Hong Kong. It was necessary to keep correspondents posted as to the principal events of the war. On such messages—not for publication—no press rate was allowed. They cost two dollars and sixty-six cents per word from New York to West Indian points.

It is pleasing to announce that the war is beneficial in a financial way to at least one class of deserving citizens. Day after day the little newsboys sold their bundles

of newspapers as fast as they could scatter them through the crowds. All newspapers increased greatly in circulation as a result of the war excitement. The "Evening Journal," on one occasion, printed one million and sixty-eight thousand copies in a day, and on the same day fell short of the advance demand by more than two hundred thousand copies, despite the possession of the biggest newspaper printing plant in the world. The profit of the newsboys on this day's sale was just one hundred per cent., amounting for the day to five thousand three hundred and forty

important news dispatches were not intrusted to couriers where so much depended on a message getting through ahead. The correspondent, if possible, carried his own message to the port where a dispatch boat awaited to transmit it to the cable station. The government has established a cable office at Playa del Este. That fortunately is the nearest point to get a message through, but the press of matter there was so great that often a dispatch boat would go to Kingston, a hundred and forty miles, really to save time. Kingston was not even the nearest cable station, but ex-



Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.

Photo, by F. C. Hemment. Taken by W. R. Hearst.
THE "VIZCAYA" AFTER THE BATTLE.

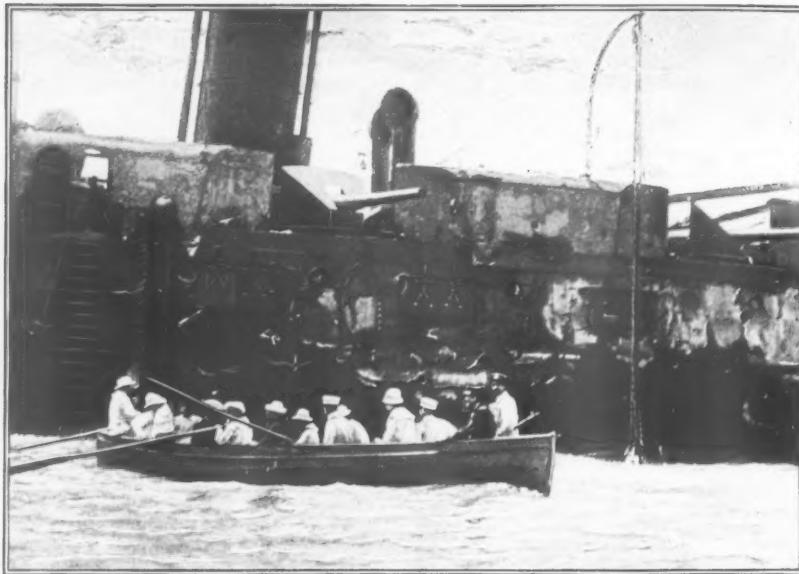
dollars, a sum which must have helped settle the home problems of many newsboys. It must be said that as factors in the reporting of a war these newsboys were very big. Without them and their instantaneous distributing power, all the work would have gone for nothing.

THE WORK OF THE MEN IN THE FIELD.

Of the correspondents ashore in Cuba, each had his particular branch of work to look out for, and all were equipped with horses and commissary supplies. The more

experience had shown that matter filed there was better and more quickly handled than if the land wire at Cape Antonio were depended on, or the French cable at Mole St. Nicholas. The French operators could not be made to appreciate the difference of an hour more or less in getting off a dispatch; neither could they be brought to understand the sacredness of the rule that the first matter in was entitled to the wire.

The operator if he were stupid or disobliging could, even without deliberate intention, make all the trouble, danger and



Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.

Photo, by J. C. Hemment. Taken by W. R. Hearst.

BOARD OF EXAMINERS LEAVING THE WRECK OF THE "MARIA TERESA."

expense of getting in an important dispatch futile.

At every center of interest there was a man in charge of all correspondents, but when a correspondent on a dispatch boat once left port he was not bound by any orders he had received, but must exercise his own judgment entirely. It was by a nice exercise of judgment that Walter Howard of the "Journal" staff was able to give his paper an exclusive account of the bombardment of Santiago. He had been with Schley's fleet at Hampton Roads, followed it to Key West, and when the sudden news of Cervera's arrival sent Schley off to Santiago, Howard followed on the "Simpson," a little tug that was picked up in a hurry, because all the other dispatch boats were busy or broken down. On the way out, the "Texas" got into a little torpedo-boat muss. It was important news, and all of the newspaper fleet except the "Simpson" rushed off to Kingston, Jamaica, to cable it. Howard deliberately allowed himself to be beaten on this piece of news—a serious thing—but his judgment was vindicated when Schley began the bombardment of the Morro and Socapa batteries; the "Simpson" was the only

newspaper boat to be present at this engagement.

THE PHYSICAL DANGER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Of danger to the men engaged in war reporting, there was plenty, as was shown by the narratives of Creelman and Marshall. The danger existed in more or less aggressive shape at all times. To some extent the danger depended on the correspondent. He could go as deep into it as he pleased, and the more chances he took, the more likely was he to get news.

A great deal of risk he must take, whether or no. He cannot wait for weather when he has an important piece of news, so there is the danger of foundering at sea. He must move between divisions of the army regardless of the fact that the intermediate country is infested by the enemy, guerillas who would just as cheerfully shoot a correspondent as a soldier. The rule made by Blanco and the Governor of Porto Rico was that newspaper correspondents captured would be treated as spies, though fortunately the extreme penalty was not meted out. Nearly all of the dispatch boats flew the American flag, as our navy did not like to give a foreign flag the privilege of keep-

ing near the war-ships; consequently the dispatch boats would have been legitimate prizes for the Spanish. Several of them had narrow escapes from capture. The "Anita" was chased by two gunboats from Porto Rico all the way into St. Thomas, and succeeded in keeping ahead of its pursuers only by pouring coal oil into its furnaces.

A "World" artist and a "World" correspondent captured by the Spanish were to have been shot in Havana, but were finally exchanged for two officers and two privates whom we were holding as prisoners.

As to hardship, the correspondent got his share. He was on duty day and night. The fact that he had been awake for two days and two nights did not excuse him for missing a story on the third day. The dispatch boats were not built for passengers, and in the heavy seas of the Gulf and the Caribbean, most of them tumbled like cockleshells and sleep was of course out of the question.

One of the most earnest, estimable and able newspaper men in America was E. O. Chamberlin, managing editor of the "Evening World." In the face of grow-

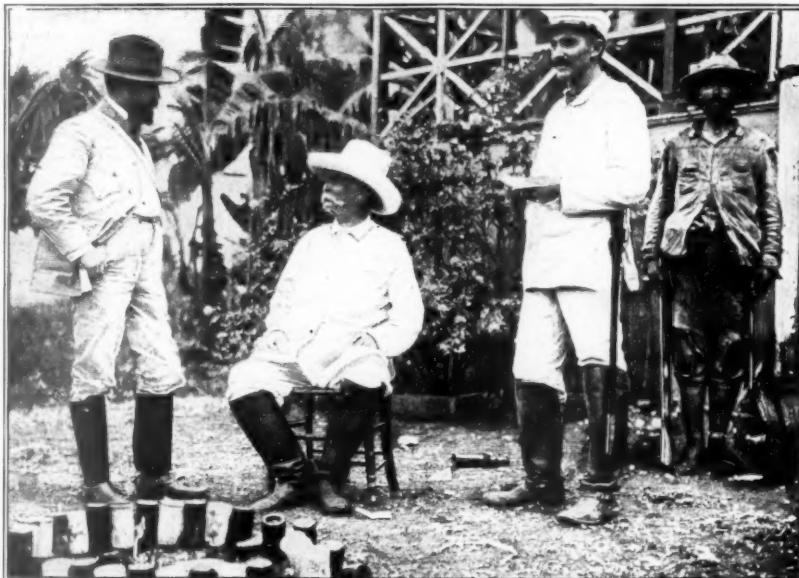
ing and determined competition he persisted in overstraining himself. The men who came to the office in the morning, having left him the night before, found him still at work. He was unmoved by the urging of his friends and colleagues. A few months of the strain ended in a mental collapse, followed by his death within a few weeks. He died of overwork assumed in spite of all protests.

THE WORK OF THE NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS
COMPARED.

Each newspaper has earned praise.

The advance work of preparing for the war seems to have been best done by the "Herald." Mr. Bennett long before the destruction of the "Maine" sent his chief news lieutenant, Mr. Reick, to Cuba to arrange for boats, etc., in the event of war. The "Herald" had an excellent news service.

The "Sun" entered the fight for news with the handicap of lack of associated press franchise. This meant that the "Sun" must depend on its individual merits for the collecting of all minor news items as well as for the covering of big events. The "Sun's" news service was of the highest order. It scored the first im-



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Photo, by J. C. Hemment. Taken by W. R. Hearst.

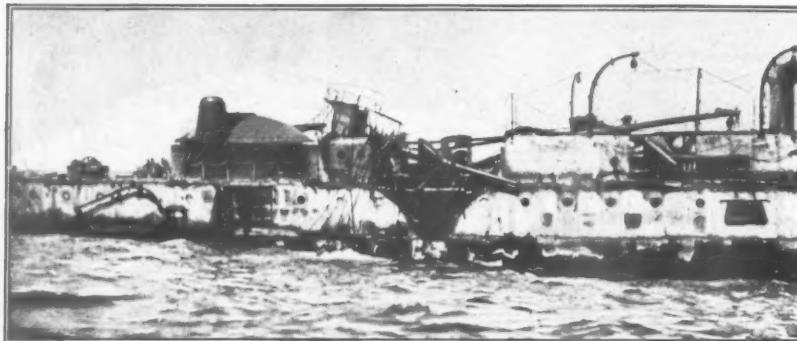
MR. JAMES CREAMAN, GENERAL GARCIA AND SON.

portant news beat of the war, and clearly demonstrated its ability to get along without a news franchise.

Immediately following the sinking of the "Maine" the best news reports published in New York came from Sylvester Scovel, the "World's" correspondent.

The "Journal" derived exceptional advantages from the personal work of Mr. Hearst with the army. Work is never so well done as when the one most interested personally supervises it—or better still, does it himself.

That part of society which is so ignorant as to consider itself learned and superior, antagonizes with particular energy that element in the press which, through its energy, compels the present effective methods of news-gathering. But at this the modern editor need not weep. First he deserves attack, since part of his energy is wasted in attacking and reviling his fellow editors; and secondly, the opinions of those whose day is past may well be neglected. The man who derided the locomotive meant well, but he was not important.



Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.
Photo, by J. C. Hemment. Taken by W. R. Hearst.
WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE "ALMIRANTE OQUENDO."

SOME MEN WHO HAVE REPORTED THIS WAR.

THE men engaged in the work of reporting the war constituted a small army in themselves. Every great newspaper in the world sent its writers and artists to the front. The important American newspapers had each from five to twenty-five special men in the field, besides their regular correspondents.

Edward Marshall applied, as did all other newspaper men, for a chance to report the war. He was a thoroughly experienced newspaper man. He first gained distinction by his work in New York in connection with the tenement house reform laws. His services in this work, over which Mr. Richard Watson Gilder presided, were of great and permanent value. Mr. Marshall had acted as editor of the Sunday "World," correspondent of the "World" in London and editor of the Sunday "Journal." He was one of twenty-five special men sent by the "Journal" to Cuba.

Richard Harding Davis, representative of the New York "Herald" and the London "Times," was a very able newspaper man before he became a successful writer of fiction. Mr. Davis, besides running the usual risks in collecting news, has shown unusual courage in the expression of his opinions, and particularly in criticism.

James Creelman and Stephen Crane, as war correspondents, form an interesting contrast. Mr. Creelman is a newspaper writer whose business and delight consist in telling about the big things that really happen in this world. The bigger the better, of course. He cares less for the form of the telling than for the fact to be told.

Mr. Crane's interest in life is not so much to tell what happens as to make telling it interesting. Mr. Creelman went to the war for facts; Mr. Crane went for a chance to write good descriptions, and to see with his eyes what had been seen by his imagi-

nation. Creelman got the facts and also got shot. Crane wrote very good articles, lived through a Red Badge of Courage experience in real life and got the fever. He has not been shot as yet.

Mr. Langdon Smith, of the "Journal," describes Mr. Crane's conduct under fire as entirely worthy of the coolest hero that Mr. Crane's imagination ever devised.

"Crane was standing under a tree calmly rolling a cigarette," says Mr. Smith; "some leaves dropped from the trees, cut away by the bullets; two or three men dropped within a few feet. Crane is as thin as a lath. If he had been two or three inches wider or thicker through, he would undoubtedly have been shot. But he calmly finished rolling his cigarette and smoked it without moving away from the spot where the bullets had suddenly become so thick."

Mr. Creelman did not confine himself to reporting. He mixed up a good deal of fighting with the reporting business. He led the charge of Company F of the 12th U. S. Infantry on the blockhouse at El Caney.

Creelman, acting as master of ceremonies, was introducing Captain Haskell of the American army to the Spanish officer, when a bullet coming in through one of the loop-

holes smashed his left arm and went out through his back, leaving a large hole in his shoulder-blade.

Dazed at first, Creelman soon recovered his accastomed serenity. He walked into the next department of the fort, pushed a dead Spaniard out of the hammock with his foot and took the dead Spaniard's place. The Mauser bullets were knocking down bits of masonry around him when friends carried him feet first through a hole in the wall made by our artillery. Mr. Creelman had not quite done with the war when his arm was shattered. The next day his ear was clipped by a bullet, and three bullets lodged in the litter in which he lay without hurting him.

Of the correspondents who went to Cuba and witnessed the fighting, Mr. Hearst, so far as I know, is the only one proprietor of a large newspaper. Mr. Hearst's impressions of the war as he saw it—the destruction of Cervera's fleet, etc.—have already been published in his newspaper.

In addition to the few that have been named, dozens and dozens of newspaper men have done good work at the front, as good as any done by those mentioned by name here.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

BY EDWARD MARSHALL.

THOSE who contemplate taking a share in the war as soldiers, correspondents, clergymen or nurses, probably give an occasional thought to the possibility of being shot. I can satisfy curiosity as to the feeling of a Mauser bullet. My narrative is based on one Mauser bullet which shot away part of my backbone.

When the Rough Riders ran into the ambuscade in which Hamilton Fish and others lost their lives, I first emptied my revolver at the enemy, and, with an eye to the news for which I had come, began to look around and make notes. A royal palm tree under which I was standing seemed to shiver. I saw three or four bullet holes in it above my head.

I felt a blow in the back. It was neither violent nor painful. It was as though a friend had given me a light blow in play. I fell down. To my surprise I could not get up.

I had interrupted the course of a Mauser bullet.

Those who contemplate going to the war, and those in the army who have not yet been shot, will be pleased to know that there is little pain immediately following a wound.

The first persons to come to me were the Red Cross nurses to bandage me, and then a surgeon handled me over and told me I had only a few minutes to live. I believed him. His statement seemed to produce as little effect on me mentally as did the Mauser bullet physically. The mental and physical dulness and indifference must be attributed, I suppose, to the shock produced by the Mauser bullet.

I saw a good many men wounded and about six killed very near me. Eight men a dozen yards away from me all dropped down one after another within sixty seconds. They fell close together in a quiet heap.

There was not a jump, not a scream. I heard one man say in a low voice, "I am hit." The others said nothing.

It is a fact that every man struck by a Mauser bullet, no matter how slightly or on what part of the body, drops instantly. It seems as though the enormous force behind the bullet administers to the nerves, wherever struck, a shock like that from a powerful electric battery.

We could not wave our arms or make any other movement, but we could talk. One chap said, "Let's sing a song to show those fellows we aren't dead." So we sang the "Star Spangled Banner" and another tune with a good deal of the tune left out.

Pretty soon I began to feel as if red-hot needles were being stuck, slowly and deliberately, into my spine, from one end to the other. This part of my experience was not pleasant, and does not call for extended description. I have learned since that the burning sensation was due to small splinters of bone sticking in the spinal cord.

At this moment I am lying cool and comfortable in St. Luke's Hospital, feeling very greatly obliged to the gentlemen on

the "Olivette" to whose skilful operating and kindness I owe my life.

Thanks to the distinguished Mr. Roentgen, I shall soon know from X-ray pictures just what the Mauser bullet did to me and where it is located at present. I presume you will understand that a photograph showing the bullet which I collected at La Quisana will be very interesting to me at least.

Concerning the conduct of the Americans in the field, as far as I was able to observe, I can only say that nobody showed any particular anxiety to avoid the bullets or made any particular fuss after coming in contact with one. Once you are shot, you have the quiet, numb feeling that the Mauser gives and a general kind of an understanding with yourself that you will probably not be shot again for the present. Some men were shot several times in rapid succession, but they were unusually unlucky.

As a newspaper man I should say that the principal disadvantage in helping to report a war resides in the fact that it will make other newspaper work seem rather dull.

BATTLE IMPRESSIONS.

BY JAMES CREELMAN.

THERE were two vivid, impressive moments during the battle of El Caney. One was when I stood beside General Chaffee and saw a button cut from his breast by a Mauser bullet. A moment before, he had been raging up and down the line, the only man in his whole brigade who was not lying flat on the grass. His hat was on the back of his head, and his lean, thirteenth-century face was glorified with the passion and fury of the fight—the toughest, profanest, divinest soldier I ever saw in battle, his eyes shining, and the muscles standing out on his neck and forehead like knotted cords. Then, as I stood beside him in the shadow for a moment, a Mauser bullet clipped the shining ornament from his breast, and he looked into my face with a half-startled, half-amused air.

The next tremendous moment of the fight was when I went alone to the edge of the trench in front of the stone fort, and saw the Spaniards who remained alive crouching there and waiting for death. The thing

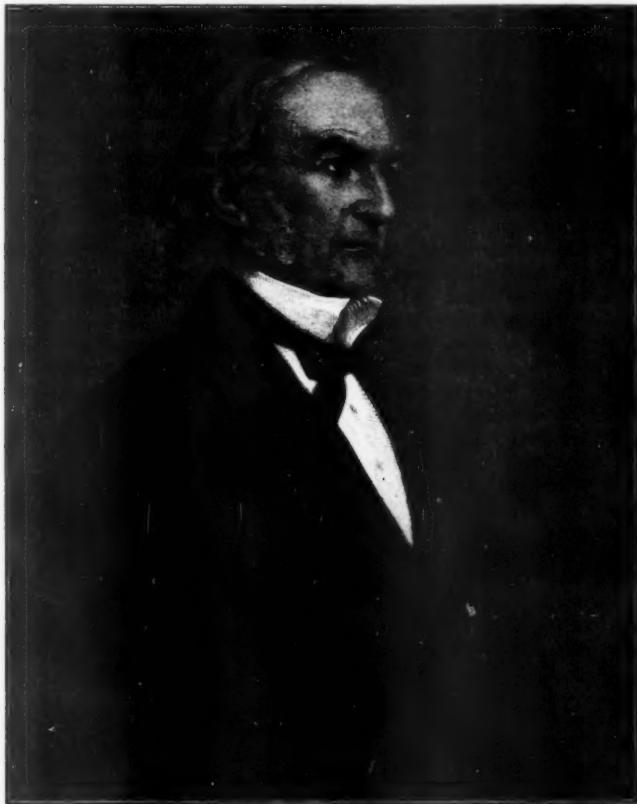
that fascinated me was a drop of blood which hung on the end of a dead man's nose. His lips were drawn back from his teeth and he seemed to be laughing, and there on the end of his pinched nose was a great bright drop of blood.

In every battle that I go through, I somehow get a melody in my head and hum it to the end of the action. I suppose it is the result of nervous excitement. A man's nerves play him some very curious tricks. All through the battle and massacre of Port Arthur in the Japanese war, I hummed the air from Mendelssohn's "Springtime," and during the shell fire I found myself actually shrieking it. When I started in the charge on Fort Caney, I began to hum "Rock of Ages," and I couldn't get rid of the tune even when I was lying among the dying of Chaffee's brigade in the hospital camp. I remember that when General Chaffee leaned over me after I had been shot and asked me how I was, I couldn't answer him until I had finished, in my mind, one phrase of "Rock of Ages."

THE EQUIPMENT OF GLADSTONE.

BY T. C. CRAWFORD.

THE death of Gladstone removes from European political life a great historical figure. No one in the Old World can rank with him in importance in the history of his period except Bismarck. Gladstone virtually passed away when he voluntarily retired from office in March, 1894. From the quietude of his retirement came only told by his friends that his reasons for retirement were political. He resigned because he was opposed to the policy of imperial extension which in 1894 took the form of proposals for enormous expenditures to increase the English navy. His health continued good until the latter part of last year. Then what was called neuralgia

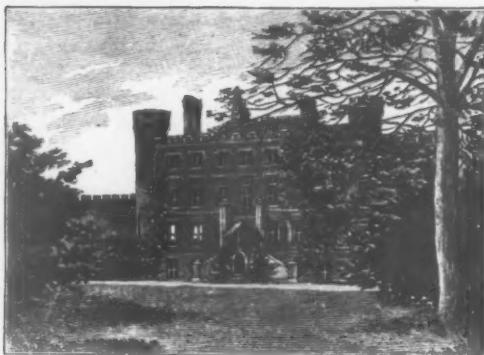


MR. GLADSTONE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MILLAIS.

occasional messages, which had but little influence upon passing events. It was currently believed that he had given up office because of advanced age and failing health, and so the public came to think of him as a broken-down man, incapable of anything like sustained effort. Yet I am

of the face developed into a cancer that attacked the inside of the nose. From this cause he suffered, and its malignity brought about his death at the advanced age of eighty-nine.

It is hard to understand how one who had nearly perfect health during his long



HAWARDEN HALL.

life, and who went through life surrounded by the most favorable conditions, should have fallen a victim at the very last to the most dreaded malady of all, one that generally finds its prey among the poor, with their impoverished blood and feeble powers of resistance.

The word "cancer" was never mentioned in the reports of the English newspapers. It was currently believed that this reserve of the English journalists was owing to the assumption that Mrs. Gladstone had been kept in ignorance of the real nature of the trouble, and so any publication would have brought to her needless anguish. Whether the physicians succeeded in keeping such information from so devoted a wife is doubtful, but the care of the English newspapers in aiding them to guard the family against needless distress was most admirable. I know a country where newspapers of a certain class would have vied with one another in publishing diagrams of the cancer, with a daily sketch of its development, and a full summary of all notable cases of a similar kind. But here even the most fervent of political enemies joined with the warmest of friends in preserving the domestic Gladstone circle in its time of trouble from invasion.

Since Gladstone's death the English public, and I dare say the American public also, have been deluged with the hurried biographies which come tumbling from the printing-presses of our feverish commercial civilization before the grave is closed over the fallen great. I do not therefore propose even to review the principal episodes of his career, but rather to give a study of

his development. I shall try to give some idea of the surroundings that made his career possible, for in many ways he had an ideal course. Fortune smiled upon him always. He was never wearied with the burden of fortune-getting.

The political world was opened to him at the outset by the key of favor, and for over sixty years he held office. Four times he held the post of Prime Minister, being in that position the real ruler of Great Britain. In his leisure moments he had the delightful occupation of scholar and literary man. He had always had fine health, and possessed unusual physical powers of enjoyment. Barring the accident of the cancer development, he might have lived to the century notch, that is oftener reached in the more tranquil life of Europe than with us.

While it may be said that Gladstone had unusual opportunities, yet he apparently never misused one of them. It is rare to find in the study of the life of any successful man so little record of wasted or misdirected efforts as is found in Gladstone's career. I am now speaking merely of the



STEERING UNDER DIFFICULTIES. Ship's Captain : "Give up the helm?—Resign the command?—Never! Come one, come all. I stick to my craft. Back, I say!—One step in board, and I blow up the ship. Ha, ha!"—(From *Punch*.)

normal progress of the incidents of his history, without taking up one of the scandals that follow the story of every man who is successful in politics in any part of the so-called civilized world.

He could not have had such an even progression from low to high with us, no matter what his abilities. He was brought out under the old English hotbed system of developing promising youngsters for party purposes.

Gladstone was one of the most promising young men of his time. He was thoroughly educated upon very broad lines. He was eleven years in school, eight years at Eton and three at Oxford. His physical training was very thorough. He was very handsome, and possessed an easy, engaging address, and was gifted with a musical, deep-toned voice, the orator's greatest weapon. His father was a merchant of ample means, who gave this second son of his full bent in his scholarly ambitions. He paid for his journeying to Italy at the close of his Oxford term. His scholastic life was broadened now by the acquirement of the Italian and French languages.

Here you have a young man equipped for success. Best of all, he did not marry until he was thirty years of age. Prudence and sagacity seemed to control all of the early steps of his life. When he did marry, he married a wife equipped with a fortune more than the equal of his own. His own father left the son half a million of dollars, enough to keep him from actual misery. His marriage to a descendant of the Glynnnes, the founder of the family a Lord Chief Justice of the Cromwell period, gave him the use of Hawarden Castle and a great

estate. This estate was encumbered badly, and brought in but little revenue. Yet this son of a canny Scotch merchant showed himself such a capable administrator that the revenues soon mounted up to one hundred thousand dollars a year.

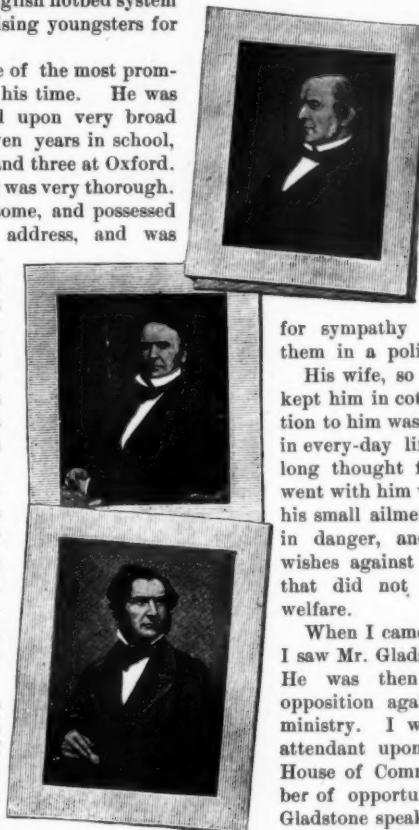
I can find in no record of Gladstone's career a single page of suffering or discom-

fort up to the death of his eldest son, a few years ago, and in the final year, when cancer attacked this favorite of fortune. He had his troubles and his defeats as a politician, but members of this class are thick-skinned against casualties, and are not often considered subjects

for sympathy whatever happens to them in a political way.

His wife, so far as she was able, kept him in cotton-wool. Her devotion to him was beyond anything seen in every-day life. Her life was one long thought for his welfare. She went with him when he spoke, nursed his small ailments as if his life were in danger, and never asserted her wishes against his own in anything that did not concern his ordinary welfare.

When I came to England in 1887 I saw Mr. Gladstone for the first time. He was then the leader of the opposition against the new Salisbury ministry. I was then nearly a daily attendant upon the sessions of the House of Commons, and had a number of opportunities of hearing Mr. Gladstone speak, both in the making of what might be called a formal discourse, and in the cross-fire of a running debate. He was then seventy-eight years of age, but to the casual eye there were few men of sixty years of age who had his vigor and look of youth. His eyes were always to the last, when interested, the eyes of a young man: they were large, dark, velvety, and caressing in their ordinary expression, but stimulated by temper or excitement they fairly flashed fire. He was, when I



THE EQUIPMENT OF GLADSTONE.



saw him, spare of figure, showing none of the gross lines of a careless, overfed old man. His face was smooth-shaven and as austere in its lines as that of a priest of the higher ranks. His expression was stern and dignified in the general lines of his countenance, softened by the kindly light in his eyes. When he was aroused, his expression was one of relentless determination.

It was summer when I first saw him. He wore in his attendance upon the House a light-gray frock suit, with a white waist-coat and a soft light hat. He always had a gay-colored flower in the lapel of his coat. His sharp-pointed snowy collar has been greatly exaggerated in the caricatures. It was not overlarge, it was simply old-fashioned, but quite in keeping with his broad, clean-lined face. His favorite cravat was dark blue, with polka dots running over it, and tied in a careless knot. He always looked exceedingly trim and clean, and every detail of his dress showed the care of a man who respects his body, and who hates slovenliness as one should hate low vice.

He never showed a trace of humor or lightness in the debates: he was always serious, ready, and at times seemingly prolix. But he understood his audience, and never rose without commanding the attention of friend and foe. He was invariably courteous, although unyielding in



GLADSTONE'S GRANDMOTHER.



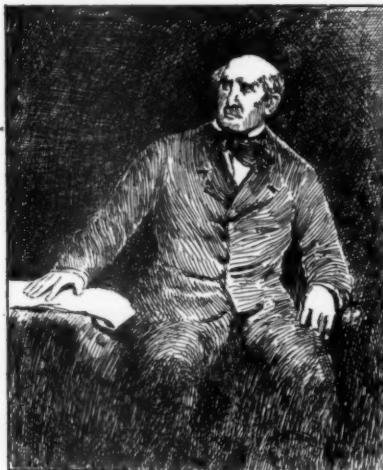
"OUT OF THE WOOD."
(From *Punch*.)

all his positions. His voice at this time had lost much of its original music, but it was still full-toned, deep and clear. I observed that he spoke without any marked English accent. He spoke much as did Charles Sumner: he used the easy language of the widely read scholar, but without any particular mannerism. If Mr. Gladstone had visited America in response to the many invitations, his style of speaking would never in itself have suggested to his audience his nationality. He did not even use the very broad "a" so common in current English speech. What made him formidable in debate was his apparently perfect memory. He also had his knowledge at his immediate command. To this he added an easy power of language, a close power of reasoning, and a dominating personality that had a tendency to carry things before him with a rush.

He had the attractive quality known as personal magnetism in as large a degree as our Blaine. Like the latter he was celebrated for his friends and his enemies;

neither was lukewarm in his disposition. The enmity to Gladstone in some circles was so intense as to stop at nothing in the way of suggestion. I have heard amiable people, with the reputation of being thoroughly kind, say with deep mutterings of passion that nothing could give them so much pleasure as the news of his death. Even since his death, following a retirement which should have softened animosities, I have heard, now more quietly expressed, words of satisfaction that he is finally at rest and beyond the power of further mischief.

I saw Mr. Gladstone in the summer of 1887 at a country place near London where he was then living. It was here that he was made the recipient of the silver statue that was subscribed for him in New York. This fund had not reached a very large amount, through some unpopularity attached to the projectors of the fund. The statue, when it came to be made, was very small, and a wretched likeness. The English papers poked a good deal of fun at the statuette, but Mr. Gladstone accepted the thing in the spirit in which it was apparently offered, and endured patiently and courteously the fulsome speech of presentation, and responded civilly. The practical nature of the English statesman



GLADSTONE'S FATHER.

was shown later by his having the statuette at once sent down to the silversmith's to be made into spoons and forks.

All the later part of his life Gladstone showed regret for his unfriendliness to the United States during our Civil War. His speech in favor of the Southern Confederacy, made in 1862, he would have been glad ever afterward to have seen obliterated from his record.

Of recent years he has been in advance of European opinion upon the subject of the future greatness of the United States. He has believed for many years, and has been free in giving expression to the opinion, that the great American Republic would soon become the preponderating power, and that England would occupy the second place. He even went so far as to predict that New York would in the near future become the financial capital of the world.

Gladstone has never had any profession but that of public life. Extra opportunities came to him as mere favor, but to his credit it may be said that he made the most of the favors showered upon him. In the English public life of his period he has had opportunities that there could not have been in our public life for any one however gifted or fortunate.

At the age of twenty-four, just fresh from the university life at Oxford and from



GLADSTONE'S MOTHER.



foreign travel, he was given a seat in Parliament by the Duke of Newcastle, a friend of his father. Imagine, if you please, some young man fresh from some one of our universities being given a seat in the House of Representatives by Croker, Duke of New York! This young Oxford student made his first speech in Parliament a few months after his election. Handsome, well trained, a clear speaker, a master of the art of concentration, backed by a rich and influential family, he was at once noticed and taken up by Peel and was made junior Lord of the Treasury the following year.

I shall not follow his career in detail, but say just enough to show how everything came to him from the start. From this day he was nearly always in office, and during his life on all sides of all great questions, after the fashion of statesmen who grow. Under the English system, when he was rejected by the Newark borough, by order of his former patron, the Duke of Newcastle, because of his adoption of free trade, Gladstone had only to appeal to his old University, when Oxford returned him. Rejected later there, it was always easy for him to find a new district ready to take him up.

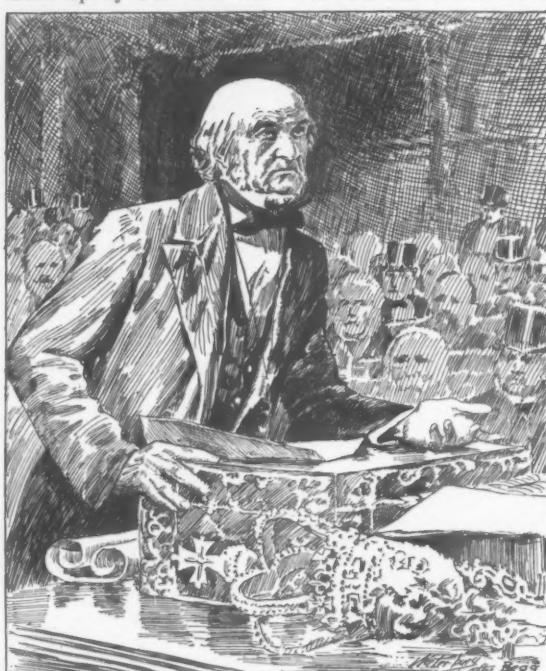
Thus the English Parliament is a forum whereby talented men are made welcome and encouraged. There is no one-man power in the Speaker's chair as with us.

The Ministry occupy seats upon the front benches. The representatives of the opposition are on the benches facing them. There are no members' desks in the hall; no writing of letters nor reading of newspapers is tolerated. It is a hall strictly for debate. The Ministers must be there every day, ready to answer every question asked them, and to sustain their policy. If they are defeated they must resign and the men instrumental in pulling them down are given their places.

It was the demolition of the Disraeli budget in 1852, that made Gladstone Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1853. These splendid prizes to be won in the open arena make politics here a subject of passionate interest. In no country are officials so responsive to public opinion, and there is no country where the public so freely controls.

Gladstone's long life naturally interests every one past the middle period of existence. Had it not been for the cancer he should have lived yet several years. Some of the secrets of his longevity may be found in looking over the details of his life.

In the first place, he always lived simply and regularly, and spent as much time as possible in the country. He never slept in London when he was feeling at all unwell. He never used tobacco, and although he used wine and spirits, did so with moderation. He had a great fund of subjects in



SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



GLADSTONE'S GRANDFATHER.

which he was interested. He was devoted to study and literary work. His revenue from his writings in some years amounted to fifteen thousand dollars. He was always busy, and held that repose was not so well found in inaction as in change of occupation. Literature was but an incident in his career. The large sums made by him in this direction came largely on account of his reputation as a politician. In his home at Hawarden, his library was called the Temple of Peace. Few entered it. Here Gladstone worked nearly always alone. It was one of the tenets of his existence that the man who accomplishes much in this world must be much alone. He was fond of outdoor exercise. His feats of wood-chopping, that have occasioned so much comment, came from his desire to have an exercise that wholly absorbed his mind and freed it from its habitual thralls.

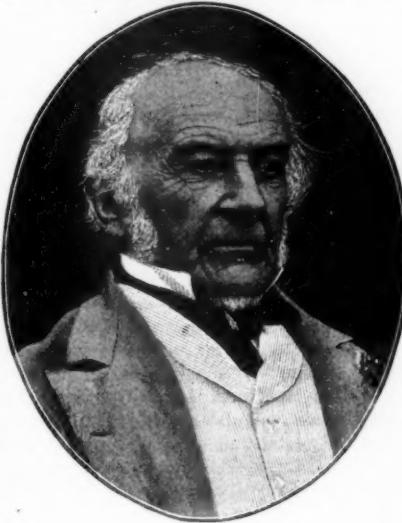
He read all kinds of books, kept up many of his university studies and scanned all the leading novels of the day. He was active-minded, continually interested in life and never bored. He was also fond of games, and instead of dozing over the fire after dinner, played backgammon and talked. Whenever he had even a slight cold he made a point of going to bed and staying there until it had passed. This precaution was of course taken during the

later years of his life. After eighty a cold is as dangerous as dynamite.

This so-called English statesman was in all essentials Scotch. His father and mother were Scotch, descending from a long line of Scotch Gledstones (Gled meaning hawk). His birth on English soil across the Scotch border made him only technically English.

No mention of his life should pass over the deeply religious nature of this great political leader. He rested absolutely upon a Higher Power. This is said to be the secret of his serenity and tranquillity, for his sleep was never broken and disturbed by any trouble. Another point in the longevity score. When he was most troubled in the formation of a cabinet in the busy rush and roar of London, he would be seen at church service three or four times a day. This spirit made him always opposed to war, and consequently to the imperial policy of extension of the colonies. He thought England has more than she can manage now. He saw nothing in the development of modern brains to warrant taking on such responsibilities. In fact, he thought of modern intellect as one that was deteriorating and not to be compared with the average brain of the sixteenth century.

In this he earned the title of Little Eng-lander, and he resigned office and went





IN HIS LIBRARY.

into retirement when the nation resolved enormously to increase the navy and back up a policy of further imperial expansion.

Gladstone's prominence as a political leader made him as much an object of hero-worship and attention when he moved about as if he had been the heir apparent to the English throne. Yet he never accepted any title or present of any kind for any of his public services. He remained always plain Mr. Gladstone, in a life where men grasp for titles and honors as if they were their souls' salvation. This simplicity was maintained to the last, even the funeral being stripped of all display naturally attendant upon a national funeral in the revered Abbey of Westminster. This was in accordance with the wishes,

often expressed, of the great Liberal leader.

Mr. W. T. Stead, who often had interviews with Gladstone, asked him a short time before he died his greatest hope for the future. The old man replied:

"I should say we must look for that to the maintenance of the faith in the Invisible. That is the great hope of the future; it is the mainstay of civilization. And by that I mean a living faith in a personal God. I do not hold with 'streams of tendency.' After sixty years of public life I hold more strongly than ever to this conviction, deepened and strengthened by long experience of the reality, and the nearness, and the personality of God."

In that you have the key-note and explanation of his character and career.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

IV.

HERE was, in fact, nothing in the state but a huge democracy, swayed by a dictator. This kind of government is convenient as to the executive part; but its nature is temporary, because in the hands of a dictator power is but a life-rent. I sought to make it perpetual, by lasting institutions and corporations for life, that I might place them between the throne and the democracy. I could do nothing with the old implements of custom and delusion. I was obliged to create everything anew by realities.

Thus I was forced to found my principles of legislation upon the immediate interests of the majority, and to create my corporations by that interest, because interest is, of all earthly things, the most real and durable.

I made laws, the activity of which was stupendous but uniform. Their principle was to maintain equality. This is so strongly impressed upon my code, that, of itself, it will suffice to preserve it.

I instituted an intermediate caste. It was democratical, because it was always open to all; it was monarchial, because it could not die.

This body was to perform that part in the new system which the nobility had acted in the old; that is, to support the throne. But it resembled it in nothing. The ancient nobility existed entirely by privilege. Mine had nothing but power. The ancient nobility had no merit but that of being exclusive. Every man who had distinguished himself had a right to belong to the new; it was, in fact, only a civic crown. The people attached to it no other idea. Every member had deserved it by his actions; every man might obtain it at the same price; it was offensive to none.

The desire for promotion was the main-spring of action; it is the characteristic of revolutions. It agitated the whole nation. Ambition had seized the public mind. I encouraged this spirit by splendid rewards; they were bestowed by public gratitude. The highest honors were still conformable

to the spirit of equality, for the meanest soldier might obtain them by brilliant actions.

After the confusion of the Revolution it was of consequence to re-establish good order, because it is the sign of strength and durability.

Ministers and judges were essential to the state; for on them alone depended the maintenance of good order, that is to say, the execution of the laws. I inspired them with the spirit which animated the people and the army. I bestowed on them the same rewards. I created them members of an order which had been rendered splendid by military achievement. I made it common to all the servants of the public, because the first of virtues is devotion to one's country.

Thus I converted the national enthusiasm into a general bond, which united all classes by mutual interest; for no class was subordinate, no class was exclusive. An intermediate body, culled from the flower of the nation, formed around me. It was attached to the imperial system by its avocations, its interests and its opinions. This numerous body, although invested with the civil and military power, was acknowledged by the people, because it was chosen from among themselves. They confided in it, because their interests were the same with its own. This body was neither oppressive nor exclusive. It was in reality a magistracy.

The empire rested on a vigorous organization. The army had been formed in the school of war, where it had learned to fight and to suffer.

The civil magistrates had accustomed themselves to a strict execution of the laws, because I forbade either compromise or explanation. Thus they became possessed of practice and dispatch. I had given a regular and uniform impulse; because there was but one watchword throughout the empire. Thus every spring in the machine was in motion, but the movements took place only within the bounds I had assigned.

I put a stop to public dilapidation by making one central point for all exchequer

business. I left nothing vague in this department; because everything should be clear with regard to money. I left nothing in the power of the demi-responsible provincial officers, because I had found, by experience, that such a plan serves only to enrich a few petty speculators at the expense of the treasury, of the people and the government.

I redeemed public credit by taking nothing on credit.

For the system of loans, which had ruined France, I substituted that of taxation, which has supported it.

I organized the conscription—a severe, but grand law, and well worthy of a people which cherishes its glory and its liberty; for it should intrust its defense to none but itself.

I opened new channels of commerce. I united Italy to France by cutting through the Alps in four different places. The various improvements of this nature which I accomplished appear almost impossible.

I caused agriculture to prosper by maintaining the laws which protect private property, and by distributing the public burdens equally.

I added great monuments to those already possessed by France. They were to be the memorial of its glory. I thought they would ennoble the minds of our descendants. The people became attached to these proud landmarks of their history.

My throne shone only with the luster of arms. The French love grandeur even in its outward show. I caused palaces to be decorated. I assembled a numerous court; I gave it a character of austerity, for any other would have been incongruous. There were no amusements at court. Therefore women played but an insignificant part, where everything was consecrated to the state. Indeed, they always detested me for that reason. Louis XV. suited them much better.

My great work was hardly sketched out when a new enemy appeared unexpectedly in the lists.

Prussia had remained at peace for ten years; France had been grateful for it; the Allies were enraged at it: they had abused her, but she had prospered.

Her neutrality had been of a peculiar importance to me during the last campaign; to secure it I had made some overtures respect-

ing a cession at Hanover. I thought such an offer amply compensated for a slight violation of territory which I had permitted, in order to accelerate the march of a division which I was in haste to have on the Danube.

England having rejected the proposals for peace which we had transmitted to her, according to our custom, when we signed the treaty of Tilsit, Prussia demanded the cession of Hanover.

I was willing to bestow this boon upon her; but I thought it high time for her court to declare itself frankly for us, by embracing our system in good earnest. We could not do everything by the sword; policy should also be resorted to, and this appeared a fair opportunity for its exercise.

But I perceived that Prussia had no such intentions, and that she thought I was amply repaid by her neutrality. It therefore became absurd to aggrandize a country I could not depend upon. I was out of humor; and did not calculate sufficiently that, by giving territory to Prussia, I should conciliate her, and insure her support. I refused everything, and Hanover was otherwise disposed of.

The Prussians complained loudly, because I would not give them the property of another. They murmured at the slight violation of their territory, the preceding year. They suddenly found out that they were the guardians of the glory of Frederick the Great; they grew warm. A sort of national tumult agitated the nobility; England hastened to subsidize them, and their movements acquired consistency.

If the Prussians had attacked me while I was at war with Russia, they might have done me a serious injury; but it was so absurd to come, right or wrong, and declare war against us, more in the manner of a schoolboys' rebellion than anything else, that it was some time before I could credit it.

Nothing was, however, more true; and we were again obliged to take the field.

I certainly expected to beat the Prussians; but I thought it would require more time. I took measures to repel such aggressions as I suspected might be made against me in other quarters; but I found them unnecessary.

By a singular chance, the Prussians did not hold out two hours. By another chance, their generals had never thought of defending places that might have held out three months. I was master of the country in a few days.

The celerity of this overthrow proved to me that the war had not been popular in Prussia. I ought to have profited by this discovery, and to have organized Prussia after our own plans; but I neglected this important step.

The empire had acquired an immense preponderance by the battle of Jena. The public began to look upon my cause as won: I perceived it by the change of measures toward me: I began to believe the same thing myself; and this opinion made me commit errors.

The system on which I had founded the empire was innately at variance with all the ancient dynasties. I knew that there must be mortal strife between them and me. Vigorous means were, therefore, to be taken to shorten it as much as possible, in order to gain the suffrages of kings and nations.

On the one hand, I should have changed the form and personal government of all the states that war placed at my disposal, because revolutions are not brought about by continuing the same men and the same measures. I ought to have known, that, by preserving those governments, I should have them always against me: it was recalling my enemies to life.

If, on the other hand, I chose to retain the old governments, I ought to have made them sharers in my greatness, by forcing them to accept of titles and territory, together with my alliance.

By following either of these plans, according to circumstances, I should have extended the frontiers of the Revolution rapidly. Our alliances would have been solid, because they would have been made with the people: I should have bestowed on them the advantages, together with the principles, of the Revolution: I should have removed the scourge of war which had afflicted them for twenty years, and which ended by raising them all against us.

It is most probable that the majority of the nations of the Continent would have

accepted this grand alliance, and Europe would have been recast on a new plan analogous to the state of her civilization.

I reasoned well, but acted ill. Instead of changing the Prussian dynasty, as I had threatened, I restored their estates, after having parceled them out. Poland was not pleased, because I did not free the portion of her territory that Prussia had seized. The kingdom of Westphalia was discontented at not obtaining more; and Prussia, enraged at what I had taken away, vowed eternal hatred toward me.

I fancied, I know not why, that kings, dispossessed by the right of conquest, might become grateful for any part of their dominions that might be left them. I fancied that they might, after all their reverses, become sincere allies, because it was safest to do so. I fancied that I might thus extend the connections of the empire without taking on myself the odium of revolution. I thought there was something noble in taking away and restoring crowns. I allowed myself to be seduced by it. I was mistaken, and such faults can never be repaired.

I tried at least to correct what I had done in Prussia, by organizing the Confederation of the Rhine, because I hoped to keep one in check by the other. To form this confederation, I aggrandized the states of some sovereigns, at the expense of those of a rabble of petty princes, who answered no end but that of dissipating the money of their subjects, without doing them any good. I thus attached to my cause the sovereigns whose power I had enlarged, by the very interest of their aggrandizement. I made them conquerors in spite of themselves. But they found the trade agreed with them. They were sufficiently willing to make common cause with me, and they were faithful to that cause so long as it was possible.

The Continent was thus at peace for the fourth time. I had extended the surface and the weight of the empire. My immediate power extended from the Adriatic to the mouth of the Weser: my power over opinion throughout all Europe.

But Europe felt, as I did, that this pacification could not be durable, because there were too many conflicting elements,

and that by compromising I had only put off the evil day.

England was the vital principle of resistance. I had no means of attacking her hand to hand, and I was sure that the continental war would be perpetually renewed as long as the English ministry had wherewith to pay its expenses. This might last long, as the profits of the war would feed the war. It was a vicious circle, the result of which must be the ruin of the Continent. A means was therefore to be devised for destroying the profits which England derived from maritime war, in order to ruin the credit of the English ministry. To this end the continental system was proposed to me. I thought it good, and adopted it. Few people understood that system; they determined to see nothing in it but a scheme to raise the price of coffee. Its design was widely different.

It was to have ruined the trade of England. But in that it failed of its purpose, for, like other prohibitions, it produced increased prices, which are always favorable to commerce; and because it could not be so complete as to prevent contraband trade. But the continental system was also to answer the purpose of plainly marking out our friends and foes. There could be no deception here. Attachment to the continental system betokened attachment to our cause, for that system was at once our banner and palladium.

This contested system was indispensable at the time I adopted it; for a great empire must not only have a general tendency to direct its policy, but its economy ought to have a parallel direction. Industry must have a vent like everything else, in order to act and to prosper. France had none until I opened one by establishing the continental system.

Before the Revolution, the economy of France had been turned toward the colonies, and exchange. It was the fashion of the day. It had great success. But, however much that success might be extolled, its only consequence was the ruin of the state finance, the destruction of public

credit, the overthrow of the military system, the loss of all respect abroad, and the ruin of agriculture. And, finally, these successes had led France to sign a treaty of commerce which made her dependent on England, for supplies.

France indeed possessed fine seaports, and some merchants of enormous fortune

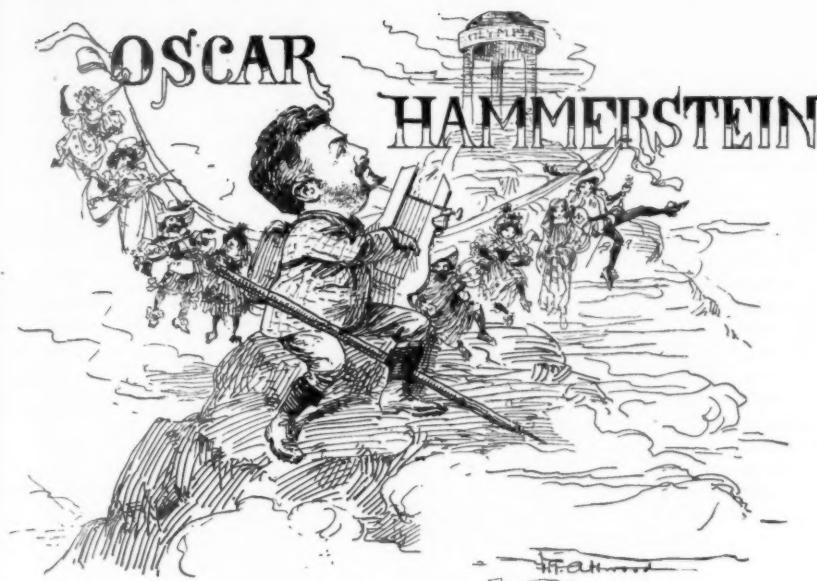
The maritime system had been completely destroyed by the war; the seaports were ruined: no human power could restore to them what the Revolution had annihilated. It therefore required a fresh impulse to be given to the spirit of trade, in order to revive the domestic industry of France. The only means to accomplish this, was to deprive England of the monopoly of manufactures, to create a manufacturing interest, and to include it in the general economy of the state. I was forced to create the continental system.

Nothing less than this system could avail, because the manufactures required an enormous premium to induce capitalists to advance the sums necessary for the establishment of the whole manufactories of a country.

The event was in my favor; I removed the seat of industry, and made it cross the sea. It has made such rapid strides on the Continent, that it has now nothing to fear. If France wishes to thrive, let her keep my system, and change its name; if she chooses to fall off, let her engage in maritime pursuits, which the English will destroy the first time they go to war. I was forced to carry the continental system to extremities, because I had in view not only the good of France, but the annoyance of England. We could receive colonial produce only through her, whatever flag might be borrowed for the occasion, therefore we received as little as possible. There was no better way of doing this than raising the prices to an extravagant height. The political end was fulfilled; the exchequer gained by it, but it drove the old women to despair, and they had their revenge. Daily experience proved the expediency of the continental system, for the state flourished in spite of the burden of war.

(To be continued.)





THE ROMANCE OF AN EMIGRANT BOY.

TO TOLD BY HIMSELF.

I WAS born in Berlin in 1846. My father was a man of wealth and my education, under his direction, was very thorough. My father had an idea, an idea common to almost all German parents, that the heads of his children should be stuffed with knowledge. He thought that every hour in the day should be devoted to some study. I was taught by private teachers, for the most part. I studied everything—music, mathematics, drawing, French—everything. From eight in the morning until six at night we had to study and to study hard. Music was my favorite study. I played the flute, the piano and the violin all before I was sixteen. At sixteen I left home, and my education, so far at least as books and masters were concerned, came to an end.

I cannot recall that I showed the slightest indication of the love of inventing that afterward took up so much of my thought.

I did not come to America with my family. I left my people in Germany. I ran away from home.

My father was a stern man, a strict disciplinarian. One day when I was supposed to be busy with my studies it was discovered that I had stolen away from the house to go skating. I used for my skate-straps the straps with which I fastened my books together going to and from the houses of my masters.

When I returned to my home my father learned that I had violated the laws of the House of Hammerstein. He gave me a terrible beating. By accident I fell against the bedstead, cutting my head so deeply that I carry the scar to this day.

The sight of my blood made me decide that my country was somewhere else, my home no longer under my father's roof.

That evening I sold my two violins and my clothes, and pocketing the proceeds took a train for Homburg without saying good-bye.

From Homburg I crossed to England, landing at Hull. The voyage was made in a cattle-boat. It was the only boat leaving. I would have gone in a cat-boat,

a rowboat, I was so anxious to get away. It took two days to reach Hull. From Hull I went on at once to Liverpool, where I took passage in an old sailing vessel, the "Isaac Webb," in the steerage—for America. I wanted to be free.

We were out nearly six weeks before we saw land. That was the coast of Ireland. It took us six weeks more before we saw land again. This time it was America. Twelve weeks in the steerage!

I do not think I had any regrets. No, I was glad to get away. Children do not love their parents when they are too severe. It is best to bring up children as if they were comrades. I treat my children as if they were my brothers and sisters. I try to treat them with consideration. I do not assume any superiority over them. The superiority of their parents is a great trial to children. It does not increase their love or respect.

My father had a way of blowing his nose that was a signal to us children. We were seized with terror when we heard it. We knew that he was coming and that we must look out.

To live in such fear of those we should love is not life at all. Children do not understand the motives of parents, they only know how they are treated, kindly or unjustly.

Parents ought to make a study of their children. They should discover what they are best fitted for, and help them to develop along their own lines. They will show some superiority, some special aptitude, if the parents study them with sympathy. My parents could have saved me much, especially that terrible beating and this scar on my forehead that I carry for life.

To come back to myself: I landed at Castle Garden. I went to an old boarding-house in Greenwich Street. I had only two blankets and the clothes I wore. This was in '63. The Civil War was in progress.

I looked through a German newspaper that was published in New York and chanced upon the advertisement of a man who wanted a boy to learn to make cigars. As the war was in progress the demand for Northern-made cigars was very great. The manufacturers were willing to pay boys two or three dollars a week besides giving them their instruction.

That advertisement was a godsend to me. The shop was in Pearl Street. The firm is in existence to-day—M. W. Mendel & Brothers.

It did not take me long to learn the trade. Strange to say, I took to it readily. In a few weeks I had mastered it sufficiently to earn more than two dollars a week. I don't believe anyone ever smoked the cigars I rolled, or if they did I suppose I shall carry their curses with me all through my days.

The business kept me going, however; that was something. I went to Prince Street, rented a hall room, and carried up coal and wood mornings and evenings for the landlady, so she charged me very little.

After a time I commenced to earn six, seven and eight dollars a week. When my earnings reached nine and ten dollars a week I felt myself a rich man. I made cigars at my home at night. I can make cigars now. I always made my own cigars in my office at the Olympia. I always kept a bucket of tobacco leaves near my desk and amused myself by rolling my own cigars.

I meant to get on. I gradually accumulated some money. I got to working for myself.

I never heard from home. That had passed out of my life. I was the friend and companion of other cigar-makers. I sang with them at their clubs, smoked with them, and lived their life.

The cigar business brought me up to nearly 1867 or '68. Then in the evenings I began to do a little writing. I found I had some ability. I wanted to develop it. I commenced by writing for the German papers. I got to have a good deal of confidence in my ability; I thought I saw an opening. In 1870 I began the publication of the "United States Tobacco Journal." It was, of course, a trade journal.

When a man who has had a sound education afterward learns a trade, he is pretty sure to turn his trade into something better. If I had not received a very thorough education before I ran away from home, I might have been a cigar-maker today. But I used my trade for my advancement.

The "Tobacco Journal" was an immense success. But it was a terrible struggle in the beginning.

I started it at 44 Water Street. I put all my savings into the project. I had no partner. My office was about as big as a hall bedroom. I remember that winter. It was very cold. Penfield, a tobacco broker, had an office next to mine. He got drunk every four weeks. Once he didn't turn up at all for a month. He had a beautiful sign hanging outside of his door—"H. Penfield, Tobacco Broker." I thought he was never coming back, so one very cold day I took that sign down and used it for firewood in my office stove. But Penfield did come back. The first thing he asked about was that sign. I guess he had been proud of it. But I told him he had never had any sign, and he was so drunk he didn't know whether he had or not. He went away satisfied with the explanation and he never came back again.

His was not the only sign that got in my stove. I sent round

to the manufacturers for their big wooden signs and burned them up to keep me warm. I had to struggle that way. The small capital I had was soon exhausted.

I had my printing done outside by the firm of Polhemus. They had a little bit of a shop then, now they are the biggest firm in the business. Gradually the paper began to pay, that is after the first year or two, and it became one of the most successful trade papers ever in existence.

At that time cigars were manufactured entirely by hand. There was no such thing as a machine for making cigars. A vast sum of money had been sunk in futile attempts to invent a cigar machine. There were hundreds and hundreds of patents, but not one was successful.

The thing that helped me was my practical experience as a cigar-maker. If I had been only a machinist I should have been ignorant of the real needs of the machine that was to handle the tobacco leaf. If a man invents something in a direction in which he knows the needs he is to supply, his invention is apt to be a success. I had discovered the nature of the tobacco leaf. I had studied it with my eyes and with my hands while I rolled cigars.

I learned what the tobacco would do when placed in a mechanical apparatus. The outside or wrapper of a cigar is, when wet, of

such a flimsy nature, and so tender, like a cobweb, that it is impossible to put it in a machine without tearing it. No machine could do anything with it. Indeed, no one can handle it without tearing it unless he has had long practice.

And did I invent a machine? Ah, didn't I! Didn't I get the best of it! As I say, the great difficulty had been to invent a machine which would take hold of a tobacco leaf without tearing it.



OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

(From his latest photograph.)

I took a tin plate, a ten-penny nail and a hammer. I drove the tin plate full of holes. Then I applied the suction of air underneath the perforated plate and held the leaf against it without touching it by the hand or grasping it by any part of the machine. The suction did it all. Once the leaf was upon the plate it could be stretched with perfect safety.

That invention brought me one hundred thousand dollars. It was the beginning. John R. Williams and Company, of Newark, bought the patent from me. They incorporated a company with a capital of two millions, and they are paying sixty per cent. dividend.

This invention revolutionized the manufacture of cigars. It took it out of the tenement houses entirely. Up to that time nine-tenths of the cigars that were made in New York were turned out in the tenement houses. My invention stopped all that.

My success encouraged me. I began to invent appliances to cut the leaf and roll it into a cigar.

In all I have made about fifty-six inventions, twenty I should say being more or less connected with the various processes of manufacturing tobacco.

In those days they could not strip the tobacco leaf by machinery. The stem had always to be taken out by hand, otherwise the leaf was torn. No knives were ever invented which would not get dull very soon if used for cutting tobacco leaves, because there is so much grit and gum in the leaf. I solved that problem by using two little circular saws, manipulating them in such a way that the grit and gum were dropped out. The invention was successful. I received for it more than sixty thousand dollars.

I was never trained as a mechanic. I learned something of the principles at school. I made the application for myself. You can teach the principles but the application must come to a man when he studies the necessities of any particular kind of work.

When I had accumulated sufficient money I bought a building on John Street—a three-story building—in which I issued the "Tobacco Journal."

Downstairs there was an importer of

cigars who rented from me. One day, at closing, the valve of the water pipe was left open and all night the water dripped into the store of the importer. It damaged several thousand dollars' worth of cigars. The importer asked me if I would pay the damage or go to law. I said, "We'll settle now." We agreed upon one thousand dollars and I gave him my check for that amount. Then I made up my mind not to be bothered with that water again.

That same day I went to a plumber in John Street and told him to change the main water pipe in my building so that it should run up free and exposed just beside the entrance door. The pipe was to have a valve placed opposite the lock of the door. Then I went around to Fulton Street to Frazer's hardware store and there I bought a church lock. I had this fastened to my door, and the bolt connected by a lever with the valve of the water pipe. When I locked the door I closed the valve. When I opened the door I opened the valve.

The porter is always the first man to open the door in the morning and the last man to close it at night. When he locks the door he shuts off the water. In the morning when he opens the door he opens the valve and the water is turned on. There was never any more trouble, the water could never flood the store again.

The importer was so much impressed that he bought my invention for two thousand five hundred dollars. We concluded the bargain the same day. He paid for getting the patent. I made fifteen hundred dollars instead of losing a thousand.

I kept the trade journal for fifteen years. I sold it then, after it had made a great deal of money for me. That was, I believe, in 1885.

It was at this time that I began to buy property in Harlem. There was nothing in Harlem then. Above One Hundred and Tenth Street there were not two hundred houses except on the East Side. On the West Side there was nothing. I went to Europe for a year on account of my health, just after selling the trade journal. On my return I began to make extensive purchases in Harlem.

My attention was first called to the possibilities of that part of the city by a

visit I made to it in search of a lot upon which I purposed building a private house where I could also have a machine shop to follow up my inventions.

I walked up Seventh Avenue one day to see where I could find a suitable lot. I looked for a sign. I walked from One Hundred and Tenth Street to One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street. I found a sign on the block between One Hundred and Forty-second and One Hundred and Forty-third Streets. The entire block was for sale. I bought it. I built a frame residence for myself. It had a sort of Moorish tower. They sell milk in the house now, and bicycles, I believe.

I built some houses on One Hundred and Fifteenth Street near Third Avenue. Then I built the whole block on Seventh Avenue between One Hundred and Thirty-fifth and One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Streets. In all I put up some sixty or seventy houses. I also built the bank building on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.

Since the latter sixties I had always been more or less connected with the theater, for which I had always a great love.

My connection was with the German theater. Adolph Neuendorf was the manager of the old Stadt Theater on the Bowery. When I had a little extra money I connected myself with Mr. Neuendorf. I wrote three plays at that time, which were produced in New York at the German Theater. One was called "Solo Sixty," the name of a game of cards. The others were called "Our Poor Relations" and "Antonio Lobster," the latter a farce. I cannot say that they achieved any great popularity. I wrote them more for pastime than for anything else.

A little later I rented the Stadt Theater

for three months and managed it myself. It was at this time that I produced the first German translation of the "Two Orphans."

I followed Mr. Neuendorf up to the Fourteenth Street Theater, always acting as a silent partner. In my speculations I was more or less successful. I liked the stage. I connected myself with its affairs because I loved it.

The first theater which I built was the Harlem Opera House. For three years it did nothing but lose money. It lost more than two hundred thousand dollars in that time. Then I determined to build another theater in Harlem. People thought that I was insane, but I said to myself:

"When the Harlem Opera House does begin to pay some one else will divide the patronage with me after I have borne the brunt of the pioneer work." So I decided to be my own competitor. I went over to the East Side of Harlem and built the Columbus Theater. It was most successful from the very start. It was in the settled district and was conducted as a popular house. For a time the losses of the Harlem Opera House were covered by the money made at the Columbus Theater.

After a few years the Harlem Opera House began to show a profit. Since then it has been a profitable property.

My next venture was to begin the erection of a theater on Forty-Second Street near Sixth Avenue. I called it the Murray Hill. But I sold the property before more than the foundations were in place. I was offered one hundred thousand dollars more than I had paid for it and I accepted the offer. I had held the land for three months.

Having abandoned the idea of the Forty-second Street house, I went down to Thirty-



OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.
(From a photograph taken in 1870.)

fourth Street and built the Manhattan Theater. I got a patent on the novel arrangement of boxes which I placed along the galleries of the theater. I spared no money in the construction of the building. I supervised everything. All the plans were mine. All the decorations mine. I had able architects and decorators, but they only executed my ideas.

There was at this time a great cry for the establishing of a music hall that should resemble in character the music halls of London. Koster & Bial had a little house in Twenty-third Street. I formed a partnership with them. Our profits the first year were very large, being in excess of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A disagreement arising, Koster & Bial bought out my interest and I retired altogether from the management of their house.

It was then that I bought the ground for the Olympia. I paid one million dollars for the land alone. The purchase was made on the 2d of January, 1895. I commenced building immediately and opened on the 25th of November of the same year. The building cost another million.

For the first year the Olympia was very profitable. Yvette Guilbert opened the music hall. Her success was immediate; she is a remarkable artiste. Many other famous artistes were brought to America by me. I had men all over the world looking for attractions. I exhausted the market. I created a demand I could not supply.

In my dilemma I wrote "Marguerite."

It was not my first opera. My first was the one-act "Kohinoor," written when I was locked in a room in the Gilsey House.

I had become involved in an argument with Gustave Kerker regarding his merits as a composer. I criticised his opera of "Venus." He didn't like my criticism and said that I knew very little about music.

The result was that I made a wager that I could write an opera, including the libretto, in forty-eight hours. It was on account of this wager that I was kept in voluntary imprisonment in the Gilsey House. I won the wager.

I write on the spur of the moment. The chorus and ballet for "Marguerite" were engaged before a note of the music was written. I wrote upstairs in my office at the Olympia and sent it down page by page and it would be rehearsed while I was writing more. "Santa Maria" was my next opera. I have also written "War Bubbles" and many other compositions.

For a time the Olympia made money, then the tide turned and the losses were very great. One failure followed another; my property became involved; the disastrous season of "La Poupe" served as the final straw. The doors of the Olympia were closed. The property passed from my hands.

I am not, however, discouraged. I shall profit by my experience, I shall persevere.

Ben Hammerley





Drawn by Peter Newell.

CAPTAIN DREAMS AGAIN.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

IN the midst of the hot weather that made Chicago intolerable in mid-September of '97, Captain Dreams was induced to go in town on a certain evening to see a certain play then on the boards at a certain theater. Mrs. Dreams and the olive branches were away—summering in cooler climes and awaiting the Captain's announcement that bearable weather had returned before they followed suit. The Captain rarely went anywhere outside the post without previous consultation with his better half, who was as keenly alive to his best interests as he was apparently dead to them. Mrs. Dreams was what Fort Sheridan called a wide-awake woman, and she had to be, for with all his unquestioned erudition in his profession and his charming qualities of heart and mind, her liege lord was a prey to that class of mental malady known as absent-mindedness, and in its acutest form. His exploits when under the influence of his especial weakness would fill a book. His experiences following upon a certain meeting of the Loyal Legion several months previous had led to his resolution not to trust him-

self in town again without a guardian—of some kind—and a more recent episode, culminating in his incarceration at Waukegan for having driven off with the horse and buggy of an implacable farmer, leaving his own rig standing for hours in front of the drug store, had led to his promising Mrs. Dreams never again to set foot in a vehicle until assured by competent testimony that no trespass was possible. Yet both these precautionary measures were turned to naught, and all because his brother officers persuaded him there was at least one character in the play he really must see and study, and a very pretty niece had induced him to include herself and husband in his order for seats. "They can be my guardians," said Dreams. And then, as the Webbs lived far out in the suburbs, it was proposed they should dine together at the Waterloo at six, and go from there to the play.

The night was hot. For nearly a week the mercury had stood at 95. Chicago sweltered and swore, and the managers of the theaters, gazing upon their empty rows,

emulated and anathematized Chicago, yet Dreams, after a refreshing bath, came down from his room in evening dress, looking cool and unperturbed. The clerk at the desk affably congratulated him on being able "to take it so easily," and handed him a telegram: "Missed train. With you sharp at seven. Have dinner ready." So Dreams confabbed with the head waiter, who knew the Webbs's desires in the way of little dinners. That was all readily arranged. And then, lest there should be delay or discomfort in walking through the sultry streets or crowding into cable cars, Dreams bethought him of still another precaution.

"Better have a nice carriage for me here sharp at eight," said he to the clerk.

"All right, Captain," answered that magnate, giving his gong bell a jab. The porter came. "Order a nice carriage for Captain de Remer sharp at eight," were the porter's instructions, and then the Captain possessed his soul in peace and quiet, and, to fill in the time until the arrival of his friends, sat him down and wrote to his beloved better half:

"With Kate and her husband for guardians, and one of Lane's best carriages to convey us, there is no likelihood of my getting into trouble to-night, so you may feel safe for once."

That letter reached Mrs. de Remer less than thirty-six hours thereafter at Mackinac, and, so far from conveying reassurance, served only to augment the anxiety occasioned by the receipt of a telegram three hours previous saying: "Newspaper accounts absurd. Matter will be readily adjusted. Return to-night."

"Newspaper accounts of what?" exclaimed that admirable but sorely tried helpmate. "For pity's sake, what has that blessed old blind man done now? Twice within six months he has been in the hands of the police, once for walking off with another man's overcoat, once for driving off with another man's buggy. Now what can it be?" she demanded of a pretty but mischievous sister.

"Run off with another man's wife, perhaps," was that demure damsels's demure suggestion. Whereat Mrs. de Remer whirled upon her.

"Matilda! Never dare hint such a thing

to me—to anyone—if you value my love in the least!"

All the same Mrs. de Remer was down at the dock when the mail came in, and the newsboy could not too quickly supply her eager demand for a copy of every Chicago paper he had—"Record," "Chronicle," "Times-Herald," "Inter-Ocean," even the "Tribune," which had long since lost caste and subscribers at Sheridan, and with these she rushed to her room and spent a frantic half-hour of search, racing through column after column with impetuous haste, looking, despite herself, for news that her liege lord had indeed run off with another man's wife, and finding—absolutely nothing. Then she wired:

"Captain de Remer, Fort Sheridan, Ill.

"What has happened? Where are you? Of course I return to-night.

"HORATIA."

She could hardly wait for the answer, yet lost no time in packing and preparations. The pretty sister was deputed to buy the tickets and make the necessary engagement of berths, etc. The magnificent "Duluth" would be down from the Sault Ste. Marie at sunset, and on the morrow they would be at home.

Meantime Captain Dreams was having his hours of perturbation in Chicago, wondering the while what Horatia would say when she heard what had happened, and all the while being blissfully ignorant of what she had said.

For this is what had happened. "Mischievous Mattie," his demure sister-in-law, had made no bad guess of it.

The Webbs arrived, not sharp at seven, but, to use the army vernacular, "as soon thereafter as practicable," in view of the fact that they had to walk from the Van Buren Street station of the suburban line, and were not a little heated in consequence, and a pretty woman loses much in the way of curls and complexion when the mercury stands at 95, the humidity is equally extreme and the domestic skies have been overcast, all through too much attention to toilet and too little to the time-table. Twice had Webb shouted from the foot of the stairs that they'd miss that train if "the missus" didn't hurry. Twice had she replied, "Coming at once." Neither

time had she done as she said, and yet not once had he said, "I told you so," when on the rush to the 65th Street station they saw the cars swiftly spinning away. All the same "the missus" knew what he was thinking, and some wives hold that a man ought not even to think upon one woman's shortcomings. Pretty Mrs. Webb had no appetite for dinner, but Webb's was unimpaired—another evidence of an unfeeling and unforgiving disposition. The head waiter had reserved as cool a corner as the house contained. The little-necks and the sauterne were iced to a turn; the consommé was capital; the Spanish mackerel could hardly have been better if fresh from the salt waves of the Gulf. De Remer, whose outdoor life of drill and discipline kept him spare and firm in flesh, and who barely sipped his wine, looked cool, placid and immaculate as his expanse of shirt front. Webb, pleading that cinders would ruin white linen anyway, had persisted in coming to town in a cool but unconventional garb, dark in shade but light in weight; yet long hours of sedentary work each day, coupled with good digestion, had gifted him with flesh that would but too easily melt, and the sauterne set it afloat. Webb was really sorry for his wife's vexation, and to cover her silence and apparent abstraction chattered ceaselessly, even while engaged in the process of mastication. It was nearly 7:30 when they took their seats at table. It was eight before salad was served, and by that time Webb's face was aglow and his collar a wreck. Mrs. Webb's choler was rising as her lord's collar fell, and De Remer sat placidly unconscious of either fact, when the buttoned page tiptoed in among the well-filled tables and announced that the Captain's carriage was at the door.

"Be there directly," said the Captain. "Now, don't hurry, Webb. There's plenty of time, Kitty. The curtain never rises till 8:20 or 25, and it won't take five minutes to drive over there."

"But just look at your collar and tie, James!" was Mrs. Webb's parting rejoinder. "In-

deed, you cannot go to the theater looking like that!"

"Indeed! Nobody'll be the wiser," said James. "Everybody in the house will look as wilted before they have been there two minutes."

"Indeed, then, they won't," responded madame. "Here's Captain de Remer. Not a speck has his collar turned, and *you* ought to have worn evening dress—you know you ought!"

"A standing collar a night like this? Why, Kit, you're cruel!"

"I don't care!" says Mrs. Webb. "Every gentleman wears one, and—yours is simply indecent now. Do finish your dinner and get one. Do, to please me now. There must be a haberdasher's hereabouts."

"There isn't," said James, "so you'll have to make the best of it. Capital salad



Drawn by
Peter Newell.

"RACING THROUGH COLUMN AFTER COLUMN."

that, De Remer! Yes, thanks, a trifle more—try one of your collars? Why, won't it be rather a snug fit?"

De Remer was tall and stalwart; Webb short and stout. Collars that would fit one neck were of the inches to suit the other except in the matter of height. De Remer wore the high standard of the day. Webb preferred the low roller, yet Kitty was obdurate. At 8:10 they hastened from the table.

"Come right along up to my room," said Dreams to Webb. "I'll fit you out."

"Yes, go," said Kitty. "I'll wait for you in the ladies' room."

They went, and there in De Remer's apartments did Webb partially peel, souse his head and hands in cold water, and then for five minutes they worked to get a collar to meet in front. When it did, Webb's double chin was propped up as though with the old-fashioned stock. "It's absurd," he said. "I can't stand it. Here,

give me one ticket. I'll jump in a cab and drive over to Billy's room at the club. He can fit me out in a jiffy. You and Kitty go on to the theater, and I'll join you there. Phew! what a sight! Poor girl, she's all broke up now at the idea of being so late."

So down they went. Webb, twisting one of De Remer's silk handkerchiefs round his neck, bolted out to the Wabash Avenue front in search of a cab. De Remer hastened to the ladies' parlor. A hall boy met him. "Is this the gentleman who ordered the carriage at eight?" Then

seeing assent in the Captain's eye, he went on without verbal response. "The lady is in it waiting, sir." So out through the side entrance hurried De Remer.

There at the curb was standing a carriage and pair—the horses stylish, perfectly mated roans, the carriage glistening black, finished out with threads of vermillion, the harness flawless, every "appointment" precise, the coachman in dark livery, with top hat and cockade. "Stunning outfit for a livery team!" said De Remer. "I heard the Waterloo stable was coming out strong." The buttoned page stood holding open the

door. Feminine drapery was dimly visible within. "You'll have to drive fast," said De Remer, to the man on the box. "The Schiller." The coachman knuckled his hat brim, the Captain bolted in, the page slammed the door and the vehicle sped swiftly away. The wheels bounded and resounded on the Belgian blocks of the avenue. A cabble train raced alongside with



Drawn by Peter Newell.

"WORKED TO GET A COLLAR TO MEET IN FRONT."

clanging gong. An "elevated" clanked and rumbled overhead. Conversation was for the moment impossible. Then as they whirled in upon the smoother pavement of a narrower and quieter street and Captain de Remer turned toward his pretty niece to explain the absence of her liege, he was grievously disconcerted to find her sobbing violently, her handkerchief pressed to her streaming eyes.

Now De Remer was a man of sentiment, of sweet and tender nature. A woman in tears appealed to his uttermost sympathy, a pretty woman in tears overcame him like

a summer cloud. There was really nothing in Kitty's husband's appearance or disappearance to warrant such depth of woe on her part, but there might be something behind it all. He had always been fond of Kitty. Was she not his admirable wife's most loyal and devoted of nieces? With a murmured word, half reproach, half sympathetic inquiry, he turned to her, his gentle hand outstretched to draw away the shrouding handkerchief, and lo, Kitty settled down upon the broad black shoulder like a bird fluttering to her nest, and sobbed anew. "How much wiser it is," said De Remer, "to let a woman have her surcease of tears.

The flood-gates of the soul are flushed and the overtaxed reservoir measurably relieved. She will speedily become calm and rational and be ready to prattle her foolish fears and to smile again." So drawing her closer to his side (Odd, how soon those dainty, slender girls like Kit build out about the neck and arms and shoulders.

Two years ago Kit didn't weigh one hundred and ten and now—however—"There, there," he murmured, as he drew her closer. "Don't fret about James, little woman."

But at this juncture, just as they shot into the gleam of the electric lights at the Palmer corner, the little woman started back, and gazed up into his face with horror and amaze in her tear-dimmed eyes. There was one instant of vocal paralysis on the part of both, due to the shock of finding that each was cuddling close to a total stranger,

and then there rose above the roar of traffic on State Street a shriek of anguish and dismay. The mettlesome horses darted forward at the sound, nearly dragging the driver from his perch. The carriage bounded over the pavement and lurched and swayed, a woman's head protruded through an open window and a woman's voice was uplifted in piercing clamor. Fully a block the horses tore before the coachman pulled them down and reined up, astonished, at the curb. Then came the crowd and the police, and a bewildered, bedazzled, bedeviled Captain of Foot was hauled out upon the sidewalk, vainly protesting and proffering to the agonized dame within explanation, expostulation and cards.

"What's he done, ma'am?" demanded Policeman No. 1.

"Oh! Take him away!" sobbed the lady.

"But I assure you it's all a mistake. They put me in this carriage at the Waterloo," declared Dreams.

"Awe!" chorused the gamins. "What's the cop waitin' fur? Waltz the dude off to the p'lece station." And in the midst of it all the lady in the case—and carriage—suddenly recovering her wits, leaned from the other window and made herself heard by the coachman. "Horton," she said, "drive on quick." A crack of the whip, a plunge of the horses, and away went the stylish team around the corner toward the lake, then out of sight down Wabash Avenue, leaving Dreams to have it out with the rapidly gathering crowd, the police, the clanking



Drawn by Peter Newell.

"'THERE, THERE,' HE MURMURED AS HE DREW HER CLOSER."

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patrol and the inevitable newspaper men. Meantime, what had become of Kitty?

Full ten minutes she sat and fumed; then called a bell boy and demanded tidings of the Captain. "Gone to the theater, ma'am," was the reply. "Impossible," said Kit. "He was to have gone with me." And yet, even while she was so confident in speech, her heart was failing her, for wouldn't it be like Uncle Dreams to go with somebody else? Another bell boy came. "Yessum," he said, "the Captain got in and drove off with the lady in the carriage at the side door."

Then Kitty sped to the desk and hailed the clerk. "There's a dreadful mistake," said she. "My uncle has driven off in somebody else's carriage in mistake for his own. Was there any gentleman here expecting to meet, or be called for by, a lady?"

The clerk's face became suddenly expressive. A tall youth in evening dress, with an expectant look in his eyes, who had been tramping for ten minutes up and down the corridor, now glancing at the clock and now at the doorway, hurried swiftly out to the sidewalk and shot round the corner. A telephone bell began to whir-r-r, and an assistant picked up the ear tube, inclined his mustache sidewise to the instrument and said "Hullo." Then the expression of pathetic boredom began to give place to one of absorbing interest and merriment. "Certainly, Captain de Remer is stopping here. What's the matter? *Police* patrol! Oh, come now! Assaulting a lady!" Then, with sudden change of tone—"By Jove, Billy! I believe there's been a mix somehow and they've run the Captain in."

Whereupon Kitty, overwrought, nervous and wretched already, found her foundations giving way and collapsed on the nearest bench and the verge of hysterics. The "lady bookkeeper" ran to her aid, and "Billy," the bediamonded, jumped for a cab. "Run the office till I get back!" he said. "Don't worry, Mrs. Webb. I'll have the Captain here in a jiffy." And away he darted.

In those days the nearest patrol wagon was stationed but three blocks away, around on Michigan Avenue, and thither sped Billy, the wheels of his cab spinning like mad. He met the patrol wagon coming on the jump, pursued by fleet-footed small

boys and sweating humanity, with De Remer, still in a daze, an unresisting prisoner. Billy's cab whirled about and landed him simultaneously with the prisoner at the police station. He knew the sergeant in charge and addressed him with the confidence of the born hotel clerk.

"What damfool work are your men up to now? Don't they know a gentleman when they see one?" said he.

The escape of the principal witness had weakened the case against the accused, but augmented the arresting official's importance.

"What business has he jumping into a lady's carriage an' offering to hug her?" said that official's response.

"I told you it was all a mistake," pleaded De Remer.

"Mistake, hell!" answered the stern defender of Chicago's morality. "Ain't you got a wife of your own that you can't leave other men's alone?"

"See here," said the Waterloover, with sudden wrath. "You don't know who you're talking to. This is Captain de Remer, Fort Sheridan, and he's not likely to—"

But the police had been reading the "Palladium," and their views were biased as to the probability of army officers in general, and Fort Sheridan in particular.

"Yes," said the officer, sneeringly, "we know how damn careful them fellers are. The lady yelled for help—everybody could hear."

"The horses were running away," pleaded De Remer, but was interrupted.

"She gave you in charge anyhow," said the sergeant, who had "done time" on the London force and was not overcome by the contemplation of a swell in evening dress.

"If she don't show up in the morning of course there won't be a case, but until then we have to hold you."

Dreams subsided on a bench in bewilderment and despair. Three times arrested within six months, and he hadn't got used to it yet! By this time the reporters had fought their way through the crowd without and were preparing for action within. One of them was essaying a pencil sketch of the crestfallen soldier. De Remer was indeed in desperate plight, yet sat there thinking only of Horatia and what Horatia

would say. Billy, the clerk, shifted from expostulation to explosion without bettering the case.

One of the reporters, in huge rejoicing, had by this time rushed half through a spirited account of the affair under the following magnificent headlines:

“ANOTHER ARMY SCANDAL!
Military Lothario in the Toils!—Captain De Remer, of Fort Sheridan, Sustains the Reputation of the Post!”
and the choicest of tit-bits was being spiced and trimmed for Chicago breakfast tables, when the station-keeper decided it wisdom



Drawn by Peter Newell.

“THEN CAME THE CROWD AND THE POLICE”

to take the accused officer to one side and hear his story in private. To the wrath of the excluded journalists, he shut them out, while Billy, of the Waterloo, again bolted for his cab and rattled away in quest of a man in authority.

Kitty was notified that her uncle was all right, but couldn't go to the theater just yet, which only mystified her more. Webb, in a borrowed collar and profuse perspiration, was sweltering at the theater, wondering where De Remer and his wife could be, and between the acts sauntered forth in search of beer and information. The bar was well patronized, but thirsty souls were grouped about a narrator with a voice like a trombone and an exaggerated sense of the humorous, who was telling the crowd of the lively excitement over on State Street—an army officer arrested—one o' them Fort Sheridan fellers—in a carriage with a lady, and she screamed for help, and the police pitched him into the patrol wagon. Captain de Remer they called him. Webb heard no more. He too pitched into a cab, drove headlong for the Waterloo, found Kitty in tears in the ladies' parlor. "What on earth does it mean? What did he do to you?" he cried.

"Do to me!" was her indignant answer. "What on earth do *you* mean? He left *me* and drove off with another woman."

Ten minutes later and Webb turned up at the station, where sat his uncle-in-law, secluded and trying to figure out what had been going on. "Find the woman that ran away with me," was his distracted plea. "They won't let me out till they hear from her." And on this mission departed Webb with a brace of detectives, and on this mission far into the night and the suburbs he followed a clue, all, all to no purpose. At midnight the efforts of

the Waterloo with men in authority restored De Remer to freedom and reduced the managing editor of the "Palladium" to despair. That half-column was to have been the piece de resistance of the first page. Nothing could keep it out of the early edition—the railroad paper. The "die was cast," but Billy, the clerk of the Waterloo, was a man of nerve, resource and boundless energy. He routed out of bed at 1 A.M., after getting De Remer to his own comfortable room, the owner of the "Palladium" himself, told him every word of the tale, spoiled the reporters and despoiled the managing editor, but brought the written order of the owner to "kill" the whole item, and killed it was except in the columns of the 8 A.M. edition—the columns Horatio never saw until a long week after.

A wire received by her late in the afternoon read: "Too hot still to permit your return. Everything explained and settled. Stay where you are." So the "Duluth" went on to Chicago without her, and De Remer to Sheridan, where later in the week he learned through Webb how gloriously Billy had befriended him.

All of which explains why Fort Sheridan took its shopping lunches and theater dinners at the Waterloo to the exclusion of other hostleries until ordered to the front in the spring, and why Billy, the clerk thereof, wears a conscious blush with the new diamond in his collection, and why De Remer since September has never been seen in Chicago without his wife.

But it doesn't explain whose was the stylish carriage or who the lady occupant, or who was the tall youth awaiting its coming at the Waterloo, because that is something Webb never found out and the detectives never told. Whose was it? Who was she anyhow?

ENDEAVOR.

BY JOHN J. A. BECKET.

EACH human thing can something do
To help the world along:
God hears the chirp of the cricket
As he hears the angel's song.

THE MORALITY OF PERFUMES.

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK.

IT is a rather curious fact that of the five senses possessed by man, the sense of smell should be quite universally regarded as the least respectable, and as having about it almost a suggestion of something vulgar. This is the more curious in that the sense in question is the most delicate, the most frequently exercised and, in its psychological relation to the mind, the most subtly powerful of all. None of the other senses can so swiftly and so surely affect the memory and the imagination. Where the sight sees nothing that is reminiscent, where the sense of sound is utterly quiescent, where touch and taste find nothing to demand their exercise, there the sense of smell, forever active and alert, will in an instant evoke whole chapters of forgotten history, calling up at once not only the scenes and surroundings of long ago, but also, and with a wonderful intensity, the pleasure and the pain, the joy and the intolerable suffering, of bygone days the very thought of which had passed out of our consciousness. If one has ever traveled, the smoke of soft coal will, through the sense of smell, transport him instantly to Liverpool or London; the scent of a particular kind of cigarette will bring back in a moment the asphalt of the Boulevards with their kaleidoscopic glimpses of leafy trees, meandering omnibuses, gaudy kiosks and the crowded tables of the trim terrasse. A faint fragrance wafted from a bundle of old letters can thrust one back a score of years and reawaken in his memory the long-forgotten thrill of some love-episode of exquisite tenderness. The odor of a single tube-rose will bring before his very eyes a black-draped coffin buried in flowers and telling not only of an ended life but of a breaking heart.

It is strange indeed that a sense so wonderfully acute, so mighty in its power of suggestion, and so intimately associated with one's profoundest consciousness, should be treated with so very little serious consideration. Man makes a study of the gratification of his other senses, as he makes a study also of their capacity and limitations. No one thinks it in any way improper to feast his eyes upon rare paintings, upon

beautiful combinations of color or upon the charms of natural scenery. One of the noblest of the arts is devoted to the task of giving pleasure to the sense of hearing, through the combination of sounds into splendid harmonies and through the wedd- ing of the human voice to instrumental melody. Even the sense of taste is held in honor, and men do not disdain to make a special study of its gratification, ransacking the whole world for choice viands and for wines of an exquisite bouquet in order to please the palate of those who have elevated the pleasures of the table to the dignity of a science.

But when we come to the sense of smell, a very different feeling is observable. That sense alone is, in the first place, very frequently ignored. It is not good form on most occasions to speak of it at all. A "smell," whether agreeable or not, is usually allowed to pass unnoticed; and to give any thought to the cultivation of this **sense or to its delectation is regarded**, by the Anglo-Saxon race especially, as being at the best decidedly effeminate, and at the worst as something that is positively low.

I have often endeavored to find for so anomalous a fact as this a philosophic explanation. In part, at least, I am inclined to think that the ignoring of the sense of smell is in reality an unconscious tribute to its power and importance. That sense is so acute, the impression made by it is so very marked and so profound, that when it is aroused by anything offensive or unpleasant, the result is so intensely disagreeable both physically and mentally as to lead men to view its possible activity with a certain feeling of apprehension. It is, in other words, more often shocked than gratified; and so in conversation and otherwise it is politely put aside like many other things which are inevitable and omnipresent, yet which all civilized humanity have tacitly agreed with great politeness to ignore. This is why the absence of odor is by many considered preferable even to an odor that is perfectly agreeable. One of the Latin poets has epigrammatically expressed this feeling in the words—"He who smells well, smells ill"; while another remarks that "He

is most agreeably perfumed who is not perfumed at all." There is a sort of vague suspicion present in the minds of many that an agreeable odor is often used to cover up another that is disagreeable, after the fashion of the French whose barbaric ignorance of sanitation so often leads them to burn pastilles in a stuffy sleeping-room instead of opening the windows and letting in fresh air.

But though in general ignored, the sense of smell is in reality too important, and it plays too great a part in our physical and intellectual economy, to be thrust aside entirely unheeded. Even in literature it is beginning to make its presence felt. This is more and more the case in the literature of France. The development of literary realism which aims to get at the exact truth of our environment and to show with perfect fearlessness all of the phenomena of life, has had to reckon with the sense of smell. Writers like Richepin and Mendès and Zola have very frankly recognized that odors influence our imagination and our thoughts with quite as much pervasiveness as what we see and what we hear. Zola, indeed, who tries to find in every environment a symbolistic harmony with the events which it accompanies, almost never fails to note the odors that are in reality as much a part of that environment as are the more material objects. The dewy night-air laden with the breath of flowers and greenery and growing things, the stifling vapor of the city slum with its suggestion of rotting garbage and reeking sewers, the staleness of sour wine and rank tobacco that fills the low gargote—all these he has infused into his descriptive passages with a naturalness and a perfect knowledge that make the pages immensely more effective in the reading. Among English authors, George Moore in this as in many things has closely followed in the steps of the great French naturalistic writer. But it is Guy de Maupassant who has most fully understood the literary uses of the sense of smell. He is, indeed, so keenly alive to the cosmic accompaniments of everyday existence that in reading him one marvels at the minuteness of his olfactory observation. He has the nose of a primitive savage, of a hound upon the trail; and he traces for us in every case a close connection between the exercise of the

sense of smell and the impression which it makes through memory upon the mind. This is curiously brought out in one of his short stories called "Sauvée," the plot of which is perhaps better left untold, but which turns entirely upon the fact that a private detective brings about a whole series of desired events by starting in the mind of one of the other characters a train of thought which ultimately leads to action; and that this train of thought is cleverly evoked by the use of a particular perfume. It will be remembered also that Dumas in one of his plays has made a somewhat similar employment of the same idea. This recognition of how suggestive is the sense of smell received a rather amusing illustration at the time when Charlotte Brontë wrote "Jane Eyre." In one of the chapters of that book, Jane Eyre, walking through the garden at Thornfield Hall while the evening air is heavy with the scent of flowers, becomes conscious of the approach of Rochester by suddenly detecting the faint fragrance of his cigar. As soon as the book began to be widely read, Miss Brontë received a very earnest letter from a Ladies' Anti-Tobacco League begging her to suppress this passage in the next edition, "for," said the secretary, who was obviously a person of experience, "the perusal of these lines is enough to make any smoker at once begin to grope instinctively for his cigarette."

If, then, the sense of smell is so important, if it is so continually exercised, if it has so direct a bearing upon mental suggestion as to be directly capable of influencing action, then there is every reason why both on the physical and the psychological side, it ought to become a subject of serious scientific study. As physicists have classified the colors of the spectrum and have most minutely analyzed and investigated the waves of sound, and as musicians have constructed a system of notation in their favorite art, we may expect that at some time in the not distant future there will be made an equally elaborate study of the causes which excite the sense of smell, and that the simpler and, so to speak, elemental odors may be separated and classified and perhaps reduced, like the notes of music, to a system of symbolic representation.

With this phase of the theme, however, I am not immediately concerned, but leave it to the physicists and physiologists. There is, however, another side to which I have given some attention, and which leads us into some rather curious investigations. This is what may be described as the ethical department of the subject. If the sense of smell has an important function in associational psychology, and if it has a direct relation, as it certainly does have, to temperament and motive, it must be possible to derive from its study innumerable clues to character, and a means whereby the moral attributes of individuals can be approximately known. The simplest way of getting at a system of this sort is through a study of the relation of perfumes to morality. This may at first sight seem grotesque, and yet a moment's consideration will show that it has a very substantial basis of reason and of fact. In many other spheres we judge of individual minds by noting individual preferences, and sometimes the very slightest indication of a person's esthetic point of view will enable us to group him roughly in his proper class. It is true, of course, that no two human beings are entirely alike; but it will be found upon examination that the differences between them are usually only differences of detail, that they exist only in the minutiae of character and disposition, and that in reality the number of distinct types to be discovered among civilized men and women is a very small one. After a man has attained maturity and has seen a good deal of the world, he will recognize, if he be a person of discrimination, that after all, there are but few really distinct and separate kinds of human beings; and, as time goes on, he will have come to group under a few general heads all the persons whom he has known, so that on meeting new acquaintances he will very soon be able to discover that they belong to such-and-such a type, with certain minor differences that do not count. This ability to classify the men and women whom one encounters and to give them their proper place in certain definite and typical classes, is what is meant when we speak of a knowledge of human nature; for a knowledge of human nature implies exactly this—a recognition of the fact that, figuratively speaking, the Deity

has used only a dozen molds or so in making men and women, so that there exist only about a dozen varieties of them, the apparent differences between them being purely superficial and due to accidents of environment, experience and education.

Consequently, the critical mind, having grasped this fact, and knowing the difference between traits that are essential and traits that are unessential, will be able to make a rough reading of character on the basis of a comparatively small number of indicia; and the most important of these are to be found in the sphere of esthetics. Broadly speaking, when we hear that so-and-so regards a Prang chromo as being on the whole no less beautiful and satisfactory than a fine Corot, we get at once a pretty accurate notion of what sort of a man he is; and so, too, if we find that in the sphere of music he prefers "Annie Rooney" and "Linger Longer Lou" to Grieg and Franz. This illustration, of course, involves only a very crude and broad distinction which anyone would recognize. More subtle but quite as significant an indication would be found in a preference for Bouguereau over Bastien le Page, for Rossini over Wagner, or for Gounod's so-called sacred music as against the Gregorian plain-song; while a very delicate reading of temperament can be drawn from the case of one who holds Brahms to be the greatest musician of the century. These tests which are esthetic tests, give one primarily a clue to the tastes, the training and the mentality of those in whom they are observed. A test derived from a study of the sense of smell would cover more than these, in proportion as that sense is far more delicate, more often exercised, and more closely related to the intellectual processes; and, therefore, I see no reason why, in judging character and in classifying the individuals whom we meet, we should not employ a formula which can be constructed from a careful study of their odor-preferences. A person's taste in art is apt to be conventional, for very many persons like whatever they are told to like; in music, the preference is very apt to be a matter of mere fashion; and this is true in literature as well. There exist art critics and musical critics and literary critics to tell us what we ought to think; whereas a definite preference in per-

fumes is a distinctly honest and intensely individual thing, made quite unconsciously and in the happy absence of any professional advisers. Let us, then, consider what is the relation of perfumes to character; what light is thrown on character by a liking for one perfume rather than another; and finally, what is the ethical significance of each of the best known and most used odors.

There are two difficulties that confront us at the outset of such an investigation. In the first place, the average person, being imbued with the Anglo-Saxon prejudice which I have already noted, devotes but very little thought to the selection of a perfume; but in buying it, takes pretty nearly anything that comes to hand, very much as he would do in buying matches or toothbrushes or shoe-blacking or silver polish. These people will probably have upon their toilet tables a bottle of Jockey Club, or of Violet, or it may be of Florida Water or of German Cologne. There is no individuality expressed here except in a negative way; yet the very fact that they do not give any thought to the matter is in itself significant. It means that they are just average persons with nothing very distinctive about them to separate them from the mass of humanity; that they are neither very good nor very bad, very clever or very stupid, that their opinions are those of everybody else, and that their thoughts are on the commonplace level which is devoted to Shakespeare and the musical glasses. Just as soon as you find a man or a woman who gives serious attention to all the niceties and dainty refinements of daily life, then you may know at once that you have come upon the exceptional person who is in reality the only person who counts, the only person indeed whom it is worth your while to analyze and understand. Therefore, the scientific application of my theory will necessarily be restricted to that section of humanity which stands out from the rest as a class apart; and in proportion as they are more interesting and more worth the studying, the perfume-test will be the more accurate and comprehensive in its results.

In the second place, there is a certain difficulty arising from the fact that perfumes of the same name, but from different com-

mercial sources, are often so very different in their fragrance as to be substantially quite different perfumes. For instance, the Stephanotis made by an English manufacturer would never be recognized as Stephanotis by one who has habitually used the French preparation. The coarse, rank Musk distilled and sold by even the best of the English and American perfumers has absolutely no resemblance whatsoever to the delicate scent prepared by certain famous French houses. The same thing is true of Chypre, which, though delightful when moderately used, has always about it a certain heaviness and cloying sweetness which at times repels the most exquisitely sensitive taste; yet I once found a certain Chypre, the production of a local chemist in an obscure French country town, which succeeded in retaining all the fragrance and the other agreeable qualities of that perfume without any of its less desirable peculiarities. Again, the preparations even of the same manufacturer are sometimes made in different grades—a fact which introduces an additional complication when we are trying to describe a particular scent. Some perfumers regularly make three different varieties of every perfume, of which the most expensive quality is by no means always the best. Again, a manufacturer will not infrequently, after making for a number of years a particular perfume in a particular way, allow it to deteriorate in quality until its characteristics are essentially altered. Lastly, there are perfumes of which for some reason or other we can never be quite sure. A good illustration of this fact is seen in Opopanax, for, even when purchased of the same manufacturer, scarcely half a dozen bottles of it can be found that are precisely similar in their odorific character—which is a pity, as the best Opopanax is among the very finest of all perfumes.

Since all human beings may be classified as to their temperament and character under a comparatively few types, I contend that the perfume-test will enable us with remarkable accuracy to assign each person to the proper group. In other words, when we learn that a particular individual has a marked preference for a particular perfume, we can, without ever having seen him, at once confidently postulate certain facts with regard to his disposition and his ethical

attributes, and sometimes even as to his physical characteristics; because, as it seems to me, a preference in perfumes is more distinctly individual, more surely significant and more intensely personal than any other habit or taste that can be found.

This theory is not in any way whatsoever fanciful. It is based on long observation and it is the result of a very great number of actual tests. Given a knowledge of the odor-preferences of an individual, and I will guarantee to tell with almost absolute accuracy his leading moral and mental traits. Did space permit I should like to print here a table containing a list of the principal perfumes accompanied in each case by a rough statement of the qualities which are connoted by a marked preference for each of them. As this, however, is not feasible, I shall simply give some illustrations of what I mean, leaving my readers to apply the same tests for themselves and thus to determine for themselves whether the theory is in the main accurate or not.

Experience shows that there are not in reality very many varieties of perfumes when regarded from the point of view of my theory, but that as to their ethical indications they can be roughly grouped in a comparatively small number of classes. Thus, in a general way, White Rose, Vétiver, Celtis, Chypre, Royal Mondain, Peau d'Espagne and Patchouly are all indicative of about the same characteristics; and I should group them all as belonging to what may be called the White Rose Class, inasmuch as White Rose is the most pronounced and typical of them all. They are rather heavy, sweet and somewhat sickening perfumes, and a strong liking for any one of them must be interpreted in pretty nearly always the same way. A person who is especially fond of White Rose will almost certainly be indolent, sentimental, garrulous, sensual, fond of luxury, flabby both mentally and morally, and with a tendency to fat. Such a person will display a great deal of superficial and rather obtrusive affection, but will invariably turn out to be insincere, utterly untrustworthy, and both a moral and physical coward. These traits are equally true of one who prefers Vétiver and Royal Mondain; but Celtis and Patchouly indicate that these characteristics are less strongly pronounced, while a liking for

Chypre and Peau d'Espagne does not necessarily imply any very unpleasant qualities, because these two perfumes are seldom used by any one exclusively, but only by those who have several favorite odors and whose ethical traits are, therefore, less simple and obvious.

This suggests the mention of another fact. A character at all complex and subtle cannot be indicated by a single perfume. An individual who is highly developed in several directions and one whose character needs careful analysis, will never be found to be restricted to a single perfume, but will enjoy with equal pleasure quite a number of very different scents, using one or the other of them in accordance with the mood that for the time predominates; and when a person shows a liking for a particular odor one should always inquire, before passing judgment upon him, whether he does not also equally admire others. For example, if we find any one with a pronounced liking for Musk, we should at once be tempted to postulate a strongly animal, unrefined and almost brutal nature; for nothing is so indicative of such a nature as the continued use of Musk. Musk is, indeed, a most clearly pronounced index to sensuality. If, however, a taste for Musk be coupled with an equally strong liking for certain other perfumes such as Violet, Heliotrope, or even Stephanotis and Lily-of-the-Valley, this means, in reality, that the individual in question is simply well developed on all sides, having the necessary physical basis for strength and courage united with refinement, judgment and restraining taste, so that such a combination actually indicates an almost perfectly balanced character, and is indicative only of a thoroughly successful temperament. It is curious to note how few persons will frankly confess to a liking for Musk, in such extremely ill repute is this particular perfume held; and it is quite as curious to discover how many of them have in reality a sneaking fondness for it which they are unwilling to disclose—a feeling on their part which is entirely a mistaken one, as the taste in question is always indicative of a certain amount of virility and power.

Quite antithetical to the White Rose Class is the Violet Class. There are of course innumerable preparations of Violet—White

Violet, Wild Violet, Wood Violet, Russian Violet, Violette de Parme, Violette de Nice and Violette Ambre, for instance—but they are all substantially alike in the ethical indications which they give, for they all imply refinement, good taste, natural purity of character and a love of the beautiful. To this class belong also, though they are less certainly significant, Heliotrope, Lily-of-the-Valley, Crab-Apple Blossoms, New Mown Hay, Xylopia, Geranium and Orris among others. Quite apart from all other perfumes, and to be ranked even above Violet, is simple Eau-de-Cologne. A person whose taste is limited to this is a person distinctly to admire and trust, one who has taste and extreme refinement, whose character is one of great purity and nobility, and whose intellect is particularly clear and sane.

A sort of middle type of character is indicated by the Stephanitis Class, to which belong Opopanax, Jockey Club, Mille-Fleurs, Goya Lily, White Iris and Parfait Amour, with many others. The use of these denotes the sort of character that depends largely upon surroundings and circumstances for its moral color—one naturally good, with more than an average intellect, a good physique, and yet with nothing especially exceptional to be noted. It is the sort of character that will not stand too much temptation, but if not strongly tempted, it will proceed in general on the ordinary conventional lines. Not to be easily classed are such rather out-of-the-way odors as Corylopsis and Ayapana. Persons who care for these are certain to be exceptional in their tastes and character. They will have a marked fondness for the rococo and the quaint. They will perhaps be just little perverse and capricious, and their moral nature is very apt to show the

stigmata of degeneracy, though the degenerate impulses will always be controlled and balanced by a regard for the world's opinion and for social laws. These are rare natures with much in them that is psychologically remarkable and much that is really good, but with much also that is strikingly evil lurking undeveloped in the stray corners of their consciousness, even though it never comes to light. The same is true of those who like the fragrance imparted by Oriental woods which have just a suggestion of antiquity and mustiness about them. Frangipani connotes a liking for the quaint and old without any indication of degeneracy; while, on the other hand, a fondness for the peculiar fragrance which comes from burning Papier d'Arménie and Papier de l'Orient strongly indicates degeneracy without the other redeeming qualities.

I have here noted just a few results derived from a study of the relation of perfumes to morality, using the latter word in its wider sense. It would be possible to go on indefinitely and with great minuteness of detail, to describe the nicer shades of character and temperament that are suggested by the deliberate choice of particular perfumes, and to consider also the indications afforded by the less known odors. Enough, however, has been said to illustrate and explain the theory which has been advanced. Although many will call it eccentric and unfounded, I have been surprised to find, through conversation, how many persons have in practice half unconsciously developed it for themselves; and to all these its serious consideration is commended in the belief that it has in reality a very definite and scientific importance as a subject of ethical and psychological investigation.



A QUESTION OF ETHICS.

THE following letter was sent to every member of the Senate and House of Representatives. Portions of this correspondence were published in the last three issues of THE COSMOPOLITAN, another instalment is given here, and the matter will be continued until the ethics of the subject is clearly established in the public mind and until legislation has been enacted to bring the practice within its proper limits.

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE,
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

IRVINGTON, N. Y., April 16, 1898.

Dear Sir: The influence exercised by national legislation on stock exchange values is now so well understood that the time seems to have arrived when the legislator may no longer indulge in the speculative buying of stocks without either committing a crime against the people or verging so closely upon crime that it becomes difficult to discover the dividing line. Believing that you will gladly aid in establishing the ethics of a question having so vital an interest for the country, I would ask the favor of an early reply covering the opinions held by you on this subject.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

* * *

U. S. SENATE, April 18, 1898.

Dear Sir: I have never had anything to do directly or indirectly with the stock market, and I prefer not to express any opinion as to what others should do.

Respectfully yours,

REDFIELD PROCTOR.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,

May 17, 1898.

Dear Sir: In reply to your inquiry, I desire to say as emphatically as I can that I do not think members of the National Legislature should dabble in stocks and speculate on the stock exchange on tips or knowledge derived from the course of legislation that affects stocks directly or indirectly.

I never bought or sold a share of stock in my life.

Your friend,

Wm. SULZER.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,

April 21, 1898.

Dear Sir: There have been disgraceful chapters of legislation in which men in public life have sought pecuniary advantage for themselves or their friends. Out of these things the idea has become current that a position in Congress is an exceptionally favorable one from which to deal upon the stock exchange, and the inquiry in your letter to me expresses this common idea.

Nothing is more exaggerated than the supposed connection of members of Congress with speculations of this character. When a man does anything wrong he commonly suffers for it in this world. Now and then a skilful stock gambler comes to Congress, but not often. There is excitement enough in their ordinary business to keep such men employed without going into politics. But the Senator or Representative who dabbles in the stocks receives his ample and merited punishment. In ordinary gambling the gamester has the satisfaction of knowing that he or the man he is playing with will win, but it is not so with the stock gambler who, from a distance, trades in "the Street." He is sure to come out on the wrong side with unerring accuracy. If he loses then he loses, and that is the end of the matter. If he wins his broker gets the profits, and that, too, is the end of the matter. When Henry Clay's wife was asked if it did not make her feel badly to have Mr. Clay play poker she said: "Oh, no! Mr. Clay almost always wins." But the man who at long range attempts to play with the Board of Trade tiger always meets his Waterloo.

You ask me about the "ethics of a legislator's buying and selling stocks." The ethics of a legislator's going into speculation of this kind is the same as that which applies to the bank cashier Sunday-school superintendent who undertakes the same thing.

You assume that the Congressman who speculates in stocks is a designing and wicked person. It would generally be more appropriate to call him "a sucker." I believe it was Josh Billings who sagely remarked that when a man makes up his

mind to be a rascal he had better have a civil service examination of himself to see if he is not better constructed for a fool. The Congressional speculator in stocks is entitled more to our sympathy than to our condemnation, for he is a man of many sorrows and acquainted with grief.

There are a few remarkably shrewd, keen-witted men in public life who have by such speculation while in office made fortunes, but they are extremely rare. Nearly every man who has been fortunate in such ventures has graduated in that school before entering either the Senate or the House. Of course it is morally wrong for any member of Congress to indulge in speculations based upon his knowledge or opinion as to legislation in which he is concerned. But the political speculator is almost certain to mistake the financial effect of such enactments. He is a much better judge of men than of markets. The gentle Israelite is sure to take the correct view of the effects of an act of Congress upon the markets. He has a sort of sixth sense that leads him unerringly to a right judgment in these things. The man who is actually turning the grindstone cannot see into it any farther than any one else, and the legislator seldom correctly gages the effects of his acts upon the price of stocks. We had a practical illustration of this fact when the Sherman law was passed in 1890. There probably never was an act of Congress that led so many legislators into speculation as this. When the law was passed many members of Congress backed up their judgment by buying silver bullion. For a short time they were rewarded for their faith in the advance in that commodity by some substantial profits, and then the tide turned and these lambs were shorn, not only of all their newly acquired fleece, but of the older wool as well.

It is always wrong to do wrong. It is wrong for a legislator to attempt to make money by speculation based upon his knowledge of prospective legislation. It is gratifying to know that he does not often need to be punished for his offense by the people. Wall Street almost invariably makes the punishment fit the crime. A

member of Congress has no peculiar knowledge of the fact that a bill is about to pass which would influence the markets, that is not open to all men alike. Our system of government precludes this, for the bill must go through committees in two Houses and be approved by the President, and its effects are always discussed by the outside public, who are as well advised as any member of Congress can possibly be.

Nothing is more common than for Congressmen to ask the views of bright newspaper men as to the probability of a bill's securing a majority of the two Houses. Their point of view is very often much better than that of men actually engaged in the work of legislation.

There is no surer cure for the evil than that which the legislator's own act imposes. The legislator who goes into the stock market soon becomes a sadder and a wiser man.

JOHN F. LACEY.

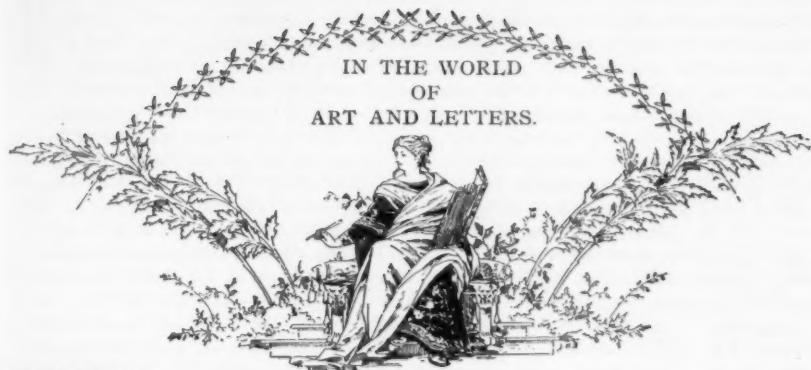
U. S. SENATE, April 20, 1898.

Dear Sir: I have your letter of April 16th. I recognize the importance of the question you ask me to answer, and I will cheerfully give an opinion. I think it little short of dishonesty, certainly reprehensible, for a member of the National Legislature to speculate in stocks, which will be or may be influenced by his official vote. There are times, and there are stocks which can be bought and sold by a member of the Senate or the House without just censure other than that attaching to gambling in general, if I may use such a term. The question of war or peace between this country and Spain has necessarily affected values on the stock exchange, and therefore any speculation during this excitement was dishonorable. Ordinarily legislation in Congress influences only one particular kind of stocks, as during the tariff debate, the debate on the sugar schedule ran the stock of the Sugar Exchange up or down; at the same time, railroad stocks were not thus affected, and therefore it was permissible for a Congressman, if it ever is, to buy and sell these.

Hoping that I have made myself clearly understood, I am,

Yours respectfully,
B. R. TILLMAN.

IN THE WORLD
OF
ART AND LETTERS.



HE Month in England.—There is some talk already of celebrating the fifth centenary of the death of Chaucer, which falls toward the end of 1900. The initial stimulus is due to Prof. Israel Gollancz, of the London University, whose edition of the "Temple" Shakespeare has had such a vogue. The idea is to erect a statue, in the "City" of London, to "the first great humorist of modern Europe," and the great poetic chronicler of fourteenth-century England, who was the son of a

London vintner, and whose whole life was associated with "old London." A good many opinions, including my own, have been elicited on the subject and I have not been able to agree with sundry professional persons that this is a unique opportunity for the literary man. If the literary man does anything in the matter, it should be only to send in a subscription as a citizen though a specially enlightened citizen. For the putting up of stones to men of letters is a matter not for men of letters but for the world they write for. The appeal to the Corporation of London is much more logical. As I said, "Literary men do not write for one another—their setting up memorials to one another would have no national significance. It would be a case of 'You scratch my stone and I'll scratch yours.' If the memorial led to Chaucer being more read, that would be a boon to an anemic, humorless age." And, in truth, with the novel of the moment—Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest—in my hand, my fancy goes back wistfully to that immortal party of Pilgrims outside the Tabard at Southwark and to that "Younge Squire" in whom we may read an image of Chaucer's own youth and the lusty life of "merry England."

"Singing he was, or fluting all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May."

Mrs. Ward is rather like that admirable Prioress—

"Her greatest oathe was but by St. Loy."

In "Helbeck of Bannisdale" she has returned to the drama of theologic discord with which her first success was won. As in "Robert Elsmere," she shows religion putting



asunder whom God hath joined together. But there is a superior art now, a more impersonal detachment. Mrs. Ward began by tilting at Christianity: she does not now tilt at even the Roman Catholic form of it. She uses religion in the right and only way in which a novelist may use it, in its effects on souls, for its Rembrandtesque lights and shadows, and she holds the balance fairly between supernatural religion and the natural religion which has begun to replace it. And yet in this very impartiality one feels rather the essayist than the born novelist. There is, toward the end of the book, an exposition of its theme, in which one sees, as it were, the skeleton which the essayist handed over to the novelist to be clothed with flesh. "And then, my dear, she must needs fall in love with this man, this Catholic! Catholicism at its best—worse luck! No mean or puerile type, with all its fetishisms and unreasons on its head—no!—a type sprung from the best English blood, disciplined by heroic memories, by the persecution and hardships of the Penal laws. What happens? Why, of course the girl's imagination goes over! Her father in her—her temperament—stand in the way of anything more. But where is she to look for self-respect, for peace of mind? She feels herself an infidel—a moral outcast. She trembles before the claims of this great visible system. Her reason refuses them—but why? She cannot tell. For Heaven's sake, why do we have our children's minds empty like this? If you believe, my good friend, Educate! And if you doubt, still more—Educate! Educate!" It is impossible to read what Mrs. Ward the novelist has made of the theme set her by Mrs. Ward the essayist, without admiring her powers, or without wondering how a woman who has so much talent can have so little. For you have only to think of the born novelists of our epoch, of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Stevenson, to realize how every sentence, every well-patterned period of Mrs. Ward's, is empty of the true divine fire. It is only in this negative way that I can convince myself out of the admiration with which the reading of her last book has inspired me. She creates character, she paints scenery, she interprets both religious and sexual passion, and she evolves



her story with an artistic movement which no Frenchman could surpass, to a tragic climax adequately impressive, or "cathartic," as Aristotle might say.

"Wanting is—what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
—Where is the blot?
Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same."

Probably it is humor that is wanting—humor, without which one may be a great anything, save only a great novelist. Scott, Shakespeare, Jane Austen—think of any of these without humor. And therefore it is that her figures lack interest and charm. There is something of the same flat painting of life—immeasurably higher though the plane be—which we get in the cheap novelettes so hungrily devoured by the uneducated female. Laura's entry into the Squire's household, her falling in love with the strange, haughty, dark man—this is the very stuff of which the *Family Herald* is made, a far-off echo of "*Jane Eyre*." And in the absence of the revelation of a new creative temperament, we are haunted throughout with shadowy reminiscences of other novels; with vague refractions of original artistic vision. Laura is not unlike Maggie of "*The Mill on the Floss*," and it is impossible not to be reminded of that book by the tragic flood at the close. "*The Bride of Lammermoor*," too, flits through the mind, and—at the opposite pole—"The Christian." The first visit of Laura to the Mason Farm somehow recalls the wonderful opening of "*Wuthering Heights*," and if you will read the first chapter of poor Emily Brontë, after reading the last chapter of "*Helbeck of Ban-*

nisdale," you will not think that this criticism is conceived in a carping spirit. Mrs. Humphrey Ward has written a tragedy full of intellectual interest, with passages of insight, and touches of imagination, and lacking only in humor and the elemental thrill of great art. To turn from "Helbeck" to "The Ambassador" of John Oliver Hobbes is to leave the Tragic Muse for the Muse of Comedy. Not that Mrs. Craigie is not as serious at heart (or at art) as Mrs. Ward. Did she not, indeed, forerun her sister novelist with a romance of Catholicism? Is there not even in this play a hint of, a plea for, the deeper things of life, which men have died for, but which seem to die themselves in the crush and chatter of society? But on the whole "The Ambassador" is an airy bubble, gleaming with prismatic epigrams. Though a success for Mr. George Alexander and the St. James Theater, and a rebuttal of the silly notion that literary people cannot write plays, it is not quite worthy of the writer. I have often told her she could write a comedy; but I expected a better one. Doubtless she felt that for the stage she must "write down."

"The Ambassador" does not carry out the promise of its title. It is not a comedy of diplomacy, and Lord St. Orbyn might just as well have been a mere private nobleman. There are no new flashes of illuminating satire in the picture of society, and such comedy as there is is almost entirely verbal. The nucleus of the story concerns the love of the poetic, flirtatious and blasé peer for what Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has summarized as "white muslin" and might have been packed (with room to spare) in a single act. It is spun out by the episode of "White Muslin" going (in the dead of night) to the gay rooms of Major Lascelles, in order to beg back a check forged by a young hothead. Here of course she is seen by Lord St. Orbyn. This "novelette" episode would be contemptible, were it not redeemed by Mrs. Craigie's treatment, which achieves originality, merely by being natural. For Lord St. Orbyn, of course, demands no explanation of his darling's action. But if this sort of thing is to come into books and plays, what is to become of books and plays? Othello's occupation's gone. The character of the prig to whom "White Muslin" is engaged ere the ambassador of real love appears, is the most genuinely comic thing in the "comedy," which uses an unprecedentedly large number of persons to tell a very little story. In this I should have detected the hand of the amateur dramatist, were it not that Mr. George Alexander (who has to pay all their salaries) seemed perfectly satisfied that they were "atmosphere." And then of course each new lady is an excuse for a new dress, and nothing so attracts society to a scarification of its sins as beautiful dresses.

What a different "atmosphere" in "Ezekiel's Sin," the new novel by T. H. Pearce—great spaces of sea and sky, and jagged rocks, in the queer crevices of which, so to

John Oliver Hobbes
as
The Muse
of
Comedy



speaks, grow human creatures quaintly adapted to this smallest and largest of environments. There is something of the quality of "Pêcheur d'Islande," if without Pierre Loti's verbal music, in this study of fisher-life; something of the imaginative insight of a Hardy turned on the beach instead of the pasture. But there is less unity of atmosphere than in the author's previous study of "Inconsequent Lives," a symphony in gray which had, alas! too little success. Here the gray is somewhat inartistically mingled with a lurid Hugo-esque coloring, with a romantic suggestion of accursed money stolen from a corpse overhanging and swaying all these narrow destinies. The author misses an opportunity of tragic ironic humor in the showing how the money has no such effect as the poor souls imagine: the idea is latent but is not developed as, perhaps, a Flaubert or an Anatole France would develop it. At best this romantic thread serves but ill to knit together the various village personalities, the vivid and subtle studies of whom constitute the most admirable feature of the book. Not less remarkable is Mr. Haldane Macfall's "Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer," which has the adventitious interest of being written by a stepson of "Sarah Grand." It is a spirited study of nigger-life in the British West Indies and shows how the original black subsists beneath

Mrs. HUMPHREY WARD
as THE
MUSE OF
TRAGEDY





what prolix and amateurish as art, and perhaps even too darkly colored, but it is instinct with talent and intelligence, and he gossips with charm and literary feeling.

I. ZANGWILL.



AST autumn, at the time when President Andrews, who had undertaken to organize the Cosmopolitan University, was prevailed upon to remain in the direction of Brown University, the Cosmopolitan educational affairs were apparently brought to a standstill. In the emergency thus created, Dr. Potter kindly consented to give, for one year, the benefit of his experience of over twenty years as President of colleges and universities in advising and assisting in the organization of the University.

While now retiring from the presidency, owing to other duties claiming his attention, he promises to retain helpful relations to the Cosmopolitan's educational work, in so far as his other duties permit. He will carry with him the gratitude of the University students for his unflagging efforts in their behalf, and the warm appreciation of the University staff for his kindly treatment of all who have been brought into contact with him.



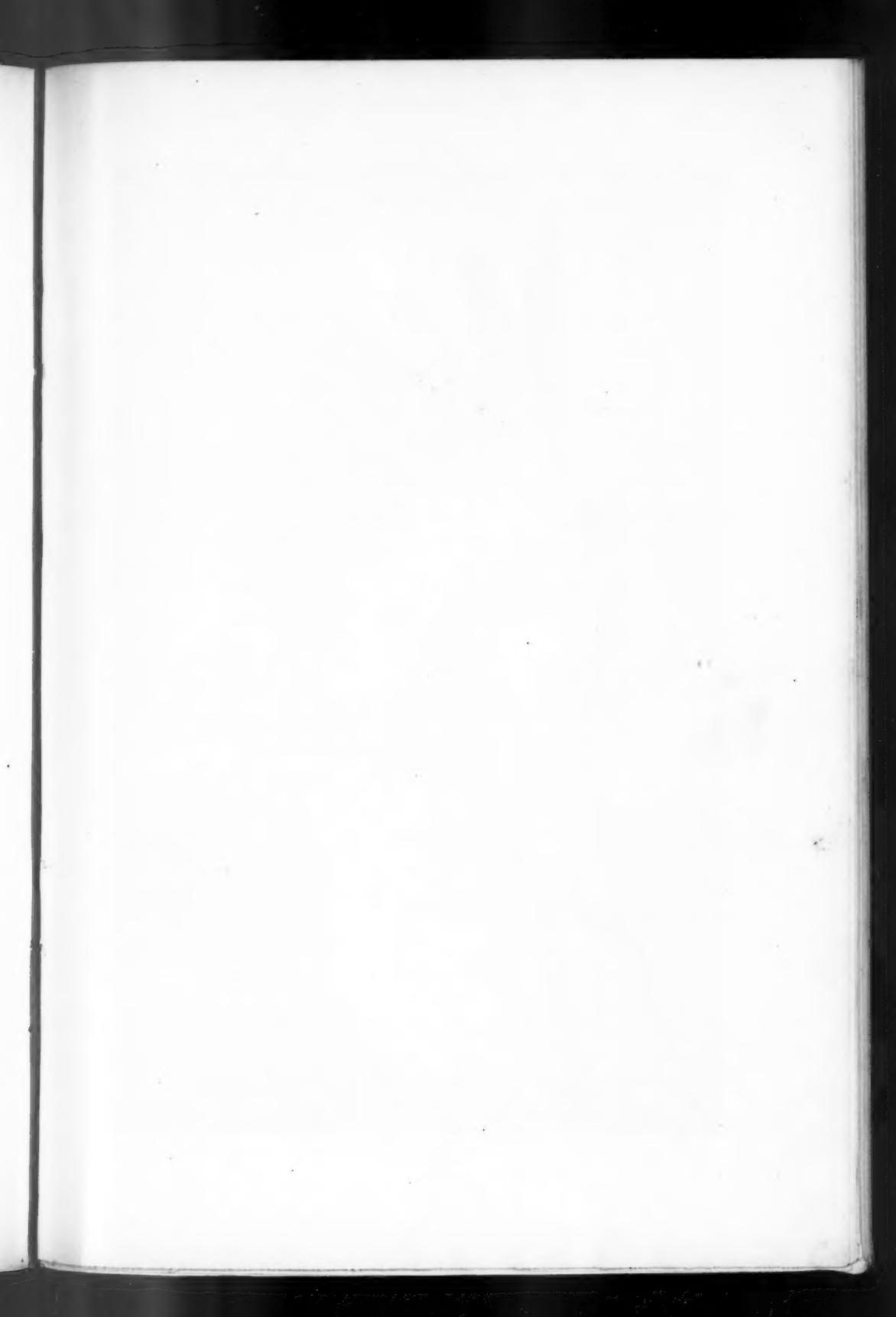
HE Cosmopolitan's Educational Work.—Many difficulties have been encountered during the first year of THE COSMOPOLITAN's educational work. The unexpected application of twenty thousand students for admission to the rolls, while demonstrating the wide demand for educational facilities of this character, was necessarily confusing, and rendered futile many of the plans first adopted. It was soon discovered that, in effecting an organization, it was difficult to understand both

what would be required and, also, how best to fulfil known requirements; and more difficult still to secure instructors with the experience and peculiar qualities adapted to imparting instruction by correspondence—a field which was new and in which there were few experts.

The first year's work has, therefore, in the face of the serious difficulties encountered, been most unsatisfactory to THE COSMOPOLITAN's educational staff; but all things which are worth doing have to be built up slowly and by the light of errors committed. With October, 1898, the second year will be entered upon under more favorable conditions. Advantage will be taken of the experience already gained and the educational staff will be strengthened, especially in those departments which the year's work indicates as likely to be of greatest usefulness to the greatest number.

the white layer of British Christianity. When will missionaries understand the wisdom of the proverb: "Scratch the Russian and you find the Tartar"? It is something, though, that the novelists are beginning to understand it. Grant Allen may claim to be a pioneer in this, with his memorable story of "The Reverend John Creedy," which I cannot help thinking may have inspired that wonderful story of Kipling's, "On the City Wall." D'Annunzio, too, has lately been exhibiting how the original pagan persists after nearly two thousand years in the Christian Italian peasant. And, indeed, no one traveling through rural Italy can fail to see how the open-air shrines of the Madonna are mere substitutions for the ancient nature-worship. But perhaps, after all, Hardy was first in this field, with his interpretation of the undying paganism of Wessex. Mr. Macfall's elaboration of the theme is some-

what prolix and amateurish as art, and perhaps even too darkly colored, but it is instinct with talent and intelligence, and he gossips with charm and literary feeling.





A FEATURE OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION.—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY
ENNO MEYER.